February 10, 1940

THE Nation

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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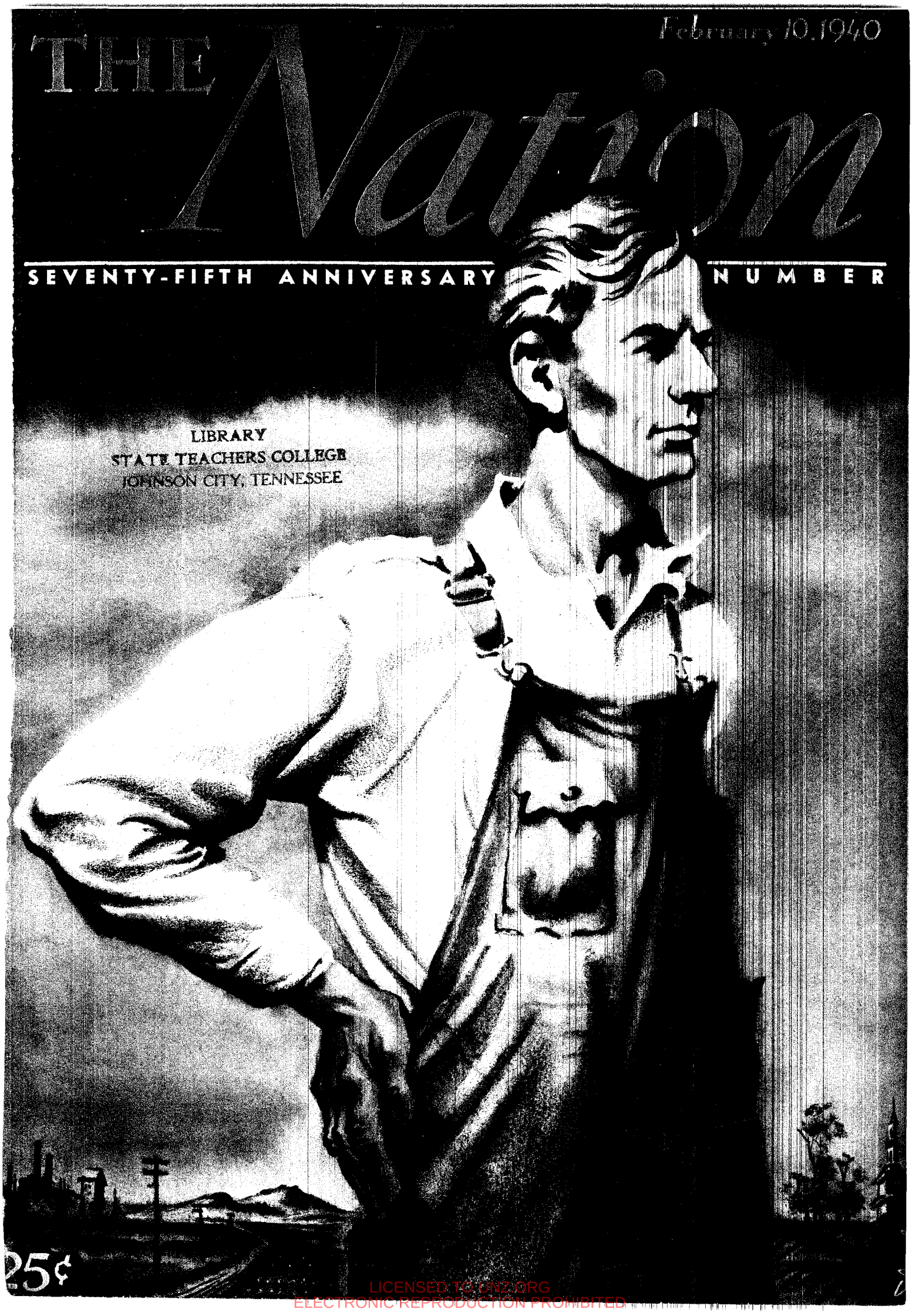

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LET'S HAVE COALS FROM NEWCASTLE!

A MESSAGE FOR LIBERALS

So that liberals throughout the country may be aware of the importance and the need for preserving the methods and principles of peaceful adjustment and change through mutual persuasion, this advertisement is inserted.

Even among academic students of the democratic process, there is no agreement on the vital question of the methods of persuasion that shall be permitted those who want to convince others to modify their viewpoint or action toward a particular doctrine or object.

Outside of academic circles, there is even greater confusion. Many groups in the democracy want to control, others to limit further, efforts towards persuasion, whether by written or spoken word. They appear to be unmindful that the democratic structure rests on competition of different viewpoints, freely expressed, and a resolving of differences into peaceful evolutionary adjustment and change.

In a rapidly changing world, in which our sense of security has been shaken by economic and other upheavals, many of us cling desperately to our own viewpoint; cohere in groups at fear of any change from it which may further upset us.

Cries go up against methods of persuasion which only a few years ago were accepted—and which then were regarded as fundamental to the preservation of our system.

It is, of course, true that economic insecurities have brought with them anti-social causes, using persuasion for anti-social ends. It is equally true that procedures of persuasion are not always in fair competition with conflicting opinions. They are abused by covert methods. Certainly, it might serve a useful social purpose if persuasive activities could be put into categories and labeled, so that motives, methods and reactions could be appraised simply. Regrettably, the complicated make-up of man, and his responses to stimuli, make such simple analysis impossible. All these are not valid reasons for questioning the whole field of *persuasion*.

And yet, even the most liberal today are apprehensive as to the whole truth, when an attempt is made to change their viewpoint through persuasion. They stick to their preconceived notions, rather than be willing to examine and act on the evidence. This resistance to openmindedness is dangerous to the democracy. It eliminates the free interplay of ideas and forces, and the new patterns resulting therefrom, which are the very essence of democracy.

The liberals especially must recognize that *persuasion* per se has no moral obloquy. New ideas come to the democracy more quickly as the result of persuasion. Only if openmindedness is preserved, if judgment and experience are used to appraise motives, values, ends, can progress result.

Liberals, like the rest of the world, have preconceived notions and theories, emotions towards what they like and don't like. They are too apt to adopt a cynical attitude towards all public relations activities, of business and other groups. When they are in disagreement with the group, they are likely to reject any or all efforts to adjust with the whole. For instance, a recent proposal by a so-called liberal that a government body be set up to provide yardsticks for propaganda is a case in point. His proposal to cure the abuses provided a cure more dangerous than the disease.

Blanket condemnations are neither judicial, nor do they serve a social purpose. Peaceful accommodation of conflicting viewpoints, arrived at by a change and adjustment of all parties in conflict, and progress through slow evolution are our safeguards.

Continuous adjustment is a determining factor in democracy. It decides whether progress shall be through evolution or *revolution*.

The liberal helps obtain a balance between extremes.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS, COUNSEL ON PUBLIC RELATIONS

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Pearl Buck had had one novel published, *East Wind, West Wind,* which sold comparatively few copies, when the judges chose THE GOOD EARTH.

The Club's choice of KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER, by Sigrid Undset, in February 1929, was the real beginning of her fame in the United States.

ANTHONY ADVERSE was chosen as a book-of-the-month in July 1933. Prior to that, Hervey Allen was recognized as a poet, but was not nationally known.

Emil Ludwig was quite unknown to the American public, until his fascinating biography NAPOLEON was chosen as the book-of-the-month.

Before our judges chose LIFE WITH FATHER, by Clarence Day, in August 1935, none of his books had sold more than ten thousand copies.

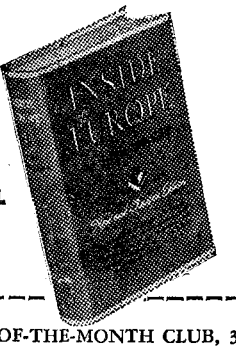
Margaret Mitchell's GONE WITH THE WIND, was a first novel; our judges immediately recognized its quality, sending it out as the book-of-the-month.

Stephen Vincent Benét had attracted critical attention but had no wide public before his famous JOHN BROWN'S BODY was a choice of our judges in 1928.

John Priestley is now well-known in this country; before our judges chose THE GOOD COMPANIONS, in 1929, few readers here had ever heard of him.

John Steinbeck had written several novels, when our judges chose OF MICE AND MEN, his first widely known book, in March 1937.

Victor Heiser, author of AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY, is one of the more recent authors whose fine work was first recognized by our judges.



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Ralph Waldo Emerson Subscribes to "The Nation" And Pays for Six Bottles of Hock

IT IS August 24, 1868, in Concord, Mass. Mr. Emerson takes his pen in hand to write to his brother William in New York: "... I went however to the Chinese Banquet, which was stately & interesting ... I duly receive the 'Nation' from your hands. I do not know when the new subscription from us fell due. Of course the year must be out. I will send my half sub. Also let me say, that Edward & I opened last week the box of hock you brought me from your cellar, & found six bottles & in perfect order. You will have to find & tell me the price. I can only find in my journal a memorandum of July, 1865, paying Woodman at the rate of $10. per dozen, which, if you bought this last at the same rate, will make $5. due from me on this acct.—so that I do now enclose $7.50 as an approximation to the two items of Nation & Hock."

But Mr. Emerson, possibly in his understandable eagerness to be sure of receiving *The Nation* regularly, seems to have miscalculated. On September 4, Brother William replied: "The $7.50 you inclosed was all wrong, so I send it back ... All wrong, because on the 19th Feby you paid me your half of the price of the 'Nation' for the present year; and I cannot possibly think of your doing any thing else with the hock than accepting it from me ..."

AND SO Emerson enjoyed *The Nation* and the hock. You'll come upon this glimpse into family affairs in *The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* It is offered here as a footnote to the history of *The Nation's* 75 vital years by COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK, publishers of these six volumes of Emerson letters and of many hundreds of other books—books whose purpose, like *The Nation's,* is to stimulate clear and honest thinking in the arts, in public affairs, in whatever concerns man and the world he lives in.

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The cover of this issue was drawn by Georges Schreiber. Drawings scattered through the pages are the work of Art Young, Boardman Robinson, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, John Groth, Peggy Bacon, Howard Cook, Low, Georges Schreiber, and William Gropper.

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Published weekly and copyright, 1940, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1897, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under act of March 3, 1897.

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THE Nation

VOLUME 150 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · FEBRUARY 10, 1940 NUMBER 6

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

The seventy-fifth anniversary of a journal of opinion is a noteworthy event, and a magazine like *The Nation,* which has so often espoused unpopular causes, has powerful enemies as well as loyal friends. It is therefore a tribute to its usefulness that it has survived for three-quarters of a century.

I think no one would ever accuse *The Nation* of seeking to become a popular organ. It has, through its long history, often appeared to stand alone. It does not matter whether one agrees with *The Nation* or not. The important thing is that everywhere and always—particularly in a democracy—minorities shall have a means of expressing themselves, and *The Nation,* we all know, has often represented minority opinion and mighty unpopular minority opinion at that. It has not seldom vindicated the principle laid down by Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

So I send hearty congratulations to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. Having weathered the storms of three-quarters of a century, it ought to have little difficulty in rounding out a full hundred years.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Old Liberties for a New World

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ANNIVERSARIES should be approached without awe. They should offer an occasion, not for mere reminiscence and even less for reverence, but for friendly reunion. One of the chief satisfactions of preparing this birthday issue of *The Nation* was the opportunity of renewing acquaintances with the journal in the various stages of its journey through stormy years, and with the men who made it. It was an enlightening experience and it brought surprises. Personalities emerged from what had been little more than imposing reputations. Frailties as well as virtues sprang alive from brittle pages. Wit ran through the years, lighting up eight-point columns. We met passion and inconsistency as well as sober judgment. There may have been giants in those days, but there were also, thank heaven, men.

We have tried to produce an anniversary number that brings out the qualities of mind and feeling in *The Nation* of past years and at the same time offers a cross-section of the problems most closely concerning us today. A few unbroken threads run through the volumes, and you will find them in the pattern of this issue. (Godkin's words on the impeachment of President Johnson, quoted on page 161, could be applied unchanged to the political prosecutions that are multiplying today.) Other threads have been snapped by the pull of events in these generations of swift change. In his essay on "Free Inquiry and Free Endeavor" I. F. Stone has shown both the continuity and the decisive shifts in liberal opinion during the years. Here, encompassed in the span of one journal's life, you find the whole story of freedom's struggle to adapt to, and so survive, the inexorable growth of industrial collectivism. Godkin didn't like labor unions. Naturally not. They interfered with a man's right to sell his services freely—wherever he chose and at the best price he could get. But neither did Godkin like the great corporations which rose to make that right an ugly joke and to turn theoretical freedom into actual slavery. *The Nation* fought against a tide that could not

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be turned; but today, it must be acknowledged, that tide has washed up on the beaches of our civilization the very problem of freedom so sharply recognized by the early editors of this paper.

It is, of course, the problem upon which all other problems converge. The collective nature of the industrial process has been accepted now by everyone. If it is denied by Republican politicians or unreconstructed Wall Streeters, you may be sure their denials are nothing more than moves in a game that is over. The question is not, how can we save free enterprise in a free market, with all the subsidiary freedoms that are supposed to flow from those two? The question is rather, how much freedom can survive the degree of collective control necessary to keep the industrial machine going; and where is that control to be lodged?

The unrelated social reforms of the first decade of this century provided some amelioration of conditions that had become unbearable and concealed without altering the outlines of that question. The boom of the twenties concealed them still better. But the thirties have posed it squarely, and some answers have been attempted. The New Deal is one. It is a fumbling answer, but perhaps no more fumbling than democracy itself. So in a sense it forms part of the question rather than an answer. If democracy can go no farther and no faster and no straighter than this, can it go far and fast and straight enough to get there in time? Fascism is another answer, and it is the one that is most likely to result from either a failure to get there in time or a refusal to attempt any answer at all.

Today we talk passionately, defensively, about democracy, which we properly equate with freedom. Its existence is threatened by armies abroad and by reactionary forces at home. But, at home and abroad, its existence is also threatened by its own failure. It has failed to keep the industrial machine running smoothly enough to keep men at work earning money enough to buy enough goods to keep the machine running. Whether Hitler could do better we don't know. His success in eliminating unemployment in Germany was probably only partly due to the needs of a voracious war economy. It was also due to a nation-wide organization of money, plants, materials, and men. If he wins the war he may possibly be able to organize Europe on similar lines, as a single industrial machine. Then the question I have put will be answered on one continent. But an answer based on universal slavery and state absolutism will not be accepted as final as long as democracy has the power to resist.

We don't yet know whether it has the power to make a successful resistance in Europe. The fight has only begun. We do not know how much America will contribute to the struggle, or whether it will help organize the peace. Fascism may lose the war but win the peace. A basic social change in Europe, not mere readjustments of boundaries, will be required if fascism is not to win.

Catastrophe does not loom so close in America. We have a little latitude for experiment and delay provided by our mighty physical resources and our distance from Europe and Asia. Fascism in action has attracted few of our people. The American on the cover of this magazine is not a man to be taken in by any two-penny Hitler. But look at his easy, humorous, confident, negligent pose. May he not smile too tolerantly at the antics of the street-corner Führers and feel too comfortably remote from the heat of foreign war? May he not let too much time drift by while the national machine jerks along in low gear? The danger in America springs from a tough confidence in our wealth, our stability, our recuperative powers. Even ten years of depression and a huge continuing load of unemployment have failed to dent that armor. We don't know yet how pressing is the need of solving our economic problem quickly in democratic terms.

One way or another, this main question of our time is discussed by most of the writers in this issue. Taken together they provide an informal analysis of the problem of freedom and organization. And from them it is possible to distil an equally informal program—a program for persons determined to preserve as much freedom as possible while working to establish the collective controls necessary to the survival of an industrial civilization.

Such a program cannot be carried out in war time or under threat of war. It is incompatible with aggression and equally incompatible with the structure of "peace" proposed by Hitler. It means that the United States must contribute both to the defeat of fascism and to the equally difficult task of constructing an organized peace when the war has been won.

Such a program demands, too, a militant and united American labor movement. The way to union between the two great federations seems long and full of obstacles, but it must be traveled, and with some speed. And the New Deal must be preserved. The reforms of the Roosevelt Administration provide an indispensable basis for orderly progress toward greater social control. But these reforms should, of course, be enormously extended. Collective control over our natural resources, the railroads, and other major monopolies must be accepted as obvious first steps in the direction of industrial planning and an equitable distribution of purchasing power.

And most important of all, such a program implies an effective defense of our civil rights. We are happy in having as President a man who so heartily supports the expression of minority opinion—including the "mighty unpopular minority opinion" ascribed to *The Nation*. But the President is himself under the fire of groups, strongly intrenched in Congress and the country, who are determined to abolish this ancient weapon of democratic change. Against such forces *The Nation* will fight with all its power and vigilance, as it has throughout the years.

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The Shape of Things

WHERE WERE YOU ON THE EVENING OF January 9? To contemporary Washington, terrorized by the Dies inquisition, that question has become a litmus test distinguishing "Americans" from critics of Martin Dies. On that night six liberal Congressmen, a university professor, a member of the staff of *The Nation,* and several other persons attended a private dinner at the home of Gardner Jackson, legislative representative of Labor's Non-Partisan League. The principal item of discussion was the Dies committee. James Wechsler of *The Nation* submitted documented evidence, pieced together primarily from public records, showing the interlocking relationship of Dies, Merwin K. Hart, and the Christian Front—seventeen of whose members had been arrested the day before on charges of conspiracy. To the same gathering Jackson displayed photostats of letters supposed to have been written by William Dudley Pelley to David Mayne, Pelley's former Washington representative. The letters, which Mayne had sold to one of Jackson's aides, quoted Pelley as boasting that Dies had agreed to tread lightly, if at all, on Silver Shirt territory. On January 22 Congressman Frank Hook, one of those present at the dinner, issued a double-barreled attack on Dies based on this material; in the same week *The Nation* published an article outlining the same charges. Since that day not an item of proof has been produced to challenge the record of Dies-Hart-Front relationships. But it has been established that the Pelley letters were forgeries concocted by Mayne and accepted in good faith by Jackson and others. Dies's colleagues are now trying to bury the Christian Front connection in the collapse of the Pelley evidence. Logically they can't—because that connection is proved by letterheads, committee lists, luncheon programs, and a host of other unchallengeable documents. But campaigns of confusion are never logical.

⁂

IF DIES'S ASSOCIATION WITH FRIENDS OF the Front is beyond dispute, a number of other mysteries remain. It is now known that the man who sold the forged Pelley letters was in the pay of the Dies committee, ostensibly assigned to find Pelley, at almost precisely the time he was peddling manufactured goods to the committee's foes. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* on January 31 contained this disclosure, now confirmed in Washington; the same dispatch reported that on January 25—after the Hook blast—agents of the committee attempted to plant another set of forged documents on the committee's critics. The Hearst press has carried wild headlines announcing a "plot" to discredit Dies; is it conceivable that a real conspiracy was fomented by agents of the committee to forestall legitimate attacks? Granted that the Pelley letters were forged, further inquiry reveals that last November 21 Pelley's own organ, *Liberation,* carried a story almost duplicating the contents of the forged letters. The story asserted that early in the history of his committee Dies said to a Pelley agent, "I'm not interested in Pelley. On the whole I think he's done a darned good job," referring, according to *Liberation,* to Pelley's attack on the La Follette committee. As we go to press, Congressman Hook is demanding a sweeping inquiry into the whole Pelley episode. It is plain that the situation cries out for such an inquiry. But whatever its outcome, Martin Dies must still answer the bulk of the indictment, which remains intact—the story of his close relations with Merwin K. Hart and the "respectable" periphery of the Christian Front.

⁂

THE CONFERENCE OF THE BALKAN ENTENTE just concluded reiterated the desire of the participants to keep out of the war but failed to reach any definite agreement for mutual guaranties. The official communiqué issued at the conclusion was notable, however, for the stress laid on friendly relations with neighboring states and on the need for strengthening economic ties between all the Balkan countries. Translated into non-diplomatic language this means that the entente, originally formed to maintain the status quo against the revisionist claims of Bulgaria, is now anxious to appease both that state and Hungary, which is equally an obstacle to Danubian solidarity. According to some reports Rumania is now willing to return to Bulgaria a small portion of the Dobrudja as a conciliatory gesture. A much greater threat to the unity of Southeastern Europe, however, is the Transylvanian question. Both Yugoslavia and Italy have lately attempted to persuade Hungary to put its claims against Rumania in cold storage, at least for the duration of the war, but internal pressures make such a course practically impossible for any Hungarian government. Nor is it easy to see what economic concessions could be made by the Balkan countries to conciliate Hungary. In fact, an increase in mutual trade in the region, however desirable, would be extremely difficult to arrange because of the similar economies of the countries concerned. They all have agricultural surpluses and all need manufactured goods, and as a result seem destined to provide a commercial, if not a physical, battlefield for Germany and the Allies.

⁂

FROM FINLAND COMES NEWS OF DESPERATE fighting on the Karelian Isthmus front, north of Lake Ladoga, and in the "waistline" sector. Some advances are claimed by the Finnish army, which also reports the capture of many prisoners and much material. But the cables suggest that fresh Russian troops of a higher caliber are now on the firing line, with the result that the difficulties of the defense are increasing. Neverthe-

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less, the Finns appear to be holding their own at least, for Moscow reports with monotonous regularity that "nothing of importance" is happening at the front. Were the Red Army making definite progress, these communiqués would hardly be so reticent. But the vast reserves of men and materials at the disposal of the Soviets must eventually take effect unless help on a larger scale reaches Finland. That is the point made again and again in a dispatch from Helsinki by Leland Stowe which will appear in our next issue. The contributions of the Scandinavian states seem insufficient to be decisive, though possibly they are being deliberately minimized. There is a report that Sweden has purchased 150 fighting planes in this country for resale to Finland in return for foodstuffs and raw materials which the latter can obtain here through the Export-Import Bank credit. The possibility of a private loan to Finland has also been suggested, but Wall Street, for all its hostility toward Russia, would probably consider that the risks involved were too great. Meanwhile, President Kallio of Finland has again voiced the willingness of his government to negotiate peace. Unhappily there seems small chance of a response from Moscow. The prestige of the U. S. S. R. is now involved, and on the scales of the new imperialism soldiers' lives seem to weigh as little as they did in czarist days.

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INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY IN DECEMBER, AS measured by the Federal Reserve Board index, reached a new record of 128, or two points above the previous high of May, 1929. This index, however, is not corrected for secular trends, and as population has increased some 8 per cent in the last ten years, it denotes a per capita production well below that of the last pre-depression year. Nor, unfortunately, can December's peak be regarded as a stepping-stone to higher things, for there are indications that since the turn of the year a new slide downhill has started. The wave of buying which drove the heavy industries forward in the final quarter of 1939 has spent itself, and with production now in excess of new orders backlogs are being rapidly reduced. New investment, too, is lagging except in a few industries, such as aircraft, which are benefiting from war orders. At the same time the contribution of the federal government to purchasing power is declining, and with the economizers now in the saddle in Washington it seems destined to suffer further shrinkage. The effects on industry may be seen in the figures for engineering construction awards for January, which are 38 per cent below a year ago. Public construction is down no less than 48 per cent, while private awards have advanced only 12 per cent. This indicates how large an expansion of private investment in this field is required to compensate for the drop in public investment. Business leaders tell us that the unbalanced budget is one of the chief causes of the lack of confidence which checks the use of private capital. But neither the striking cuts in expenditure made by the President nor subsequent Congressional prunings have roused business from its apathy.

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CHAIRMAN MADDEN OF THE LABOR BOARD has at last had his day in court before the hostile House committee investigating the board. He said little that was new but much that has been deliberately overlooked or forgotten. He showed that the board, despite the charges of incompetence and unfair procedure brought against it, has made a far better record in the courts than any other administrative agency in our history. It has had twenty-two cases in the Supreme Court, been upheld completely in eighteen and partially in two more, and overruled only twice. That is the record of the board's first four years. Chairman Madden compared this with the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which lost every one of the ten cases taken to the Supreme Court in the first ten years of its history, and with the record of the Federal Trade Commission, which was fully upheld in only three, partly in only one, of fifteen cases during its first ten years of existence. It happens that this comparison is a trifle misleading, for both the ICC and the FTC had to face courts manned by reactionaries rather than Roosevelt liberals. It is an adequate answer, nevertheless, to the amateur constitutional lawyers who are constantly attacking the board's procedure.

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THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN constitutional law continues with a ruling handed down by Justice Frankfurter in a Federal Communications case without dissent, even Justice McReynolds concurring "in the result" though not in the reasoning. Its effect is to free regulatory agencies from the constant interference of the courts in the minutiae of their procedure. That such a change was desirable was one of Justice Frankfurter's contentions in his classes in administrative law at Harvard Law School, and the support given this view by the court shows that he has been as successful a teacher at Washington as he was at Cambridge. "Courts," he said, echoing Holmes, "are not charged with general guardianship against all potential mischief in the complicated tasks of government." And Brandeis's plea in the St. Joseph's Stockyards case a few years ago is embodied in the warning that "interference by the courts is not conducive to the development of habits of responsiblity in administrative agencies." In this as in other ways the Roosevelt "revolution" in the Supreme Court is not so much the concoction of constitutional novelties as a return to the earlier and more liberal interpretations which were dominant in the court from the 1830's to the 1890's.

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THE MOMENT WHEN WAR THREATENS TO spread over half the world and fascism is making its supreme effort would hardly seem the time for a League for Peace and Democracy to disband. Not only has the league done just that, but it has offered these very circumstances as the reason for its dissolution. "The coming of the war," its executive body declares, created the need for a "different program and type of organization." A new program was undoubtedly called for, but that would hardly require the scrapping of a painstakingly developed organizational structure. The reasons for the league's disappearance, we suspect, were more realistic. One was the unscrupulous smearing it sustained at the hands of the Dies committee; a minimum of truth and a maximum of falsehood make a potent mixture and in this case it did its work well. But the minimum of truth was in itself a factor, and one of no small proportions. Whatever the extent of Communist control, the party members and sympathizers in the league were among its most active and effective workers, and after the Russian-German pact their interest in the organization cooled. Refusal of the executive committee, by a fourteen-to-one vote, to condemn either the pact or Russia's share in the aggression against Poland lent color to the charges of Communist influence, and the attack on Finland hastened the end. The Finnish invasion was condemned, to be sure, but half-heartedly and seemingly more to keep in line with "previous policy" than out of any conviction comparable with the league's condemnation of Japanese, German, and Italian aggression. Dwindling financial support undoubtedly accelerated the collapse, but it would seem to have been a result rather than a cause.

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A PARIS CORRESPONDENT REPORTED IN *The Nation* of February 22, 1866, that "an attempt is being made to curtail still further the already minute proportions of ladies' head-gear by suppressing that part of the bonnet which covers the ears." As we go to press seventy-four years later even that part of the "bonnet" which covers the head has been almost totally suppressed. This year, if ever, women's hats are a straw in the wind.

✶

IN PREPARING THIS ISSUE, THE EDITORS HAD the generous help of several old friends. Paul Kellogg, editor of the *Survey,* and Lewis S. Gannett, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* advised with us on editorial plans, while Joseph Blumenthal, distinguished typographer and printer, who designed *The Nation's* present format, devoted time and technical skill to the problem of physical arrangement. To them and to every person who contributed to our seventy-fifth-anniversary issue we offer our warm thanks.

Shadow and Substance

SINCE emotional conflict is the foe of rational thought, it is hardly surprising that when dislike of Hitlerism and desire to keep out of war occupy the same breast some strange mental reactions should result. None of us have the slightest fear of being impelled to fight on the side of Germany, and therefore feel immune to Nazi propaganda; indeed, we are hardly aware of its existence. But we are very conscious of the pull which the Allies exercise on our sympathies and are sternly on guard against any attempt to strengthen them. Anything that sounds remotely like Allied propaganda immediately strikes a bell which warns us to discipline our unneutral feelings.

Consequently, while we do not need anyone to tell us about the horrors of Nazism, we are quite ready to listen to those who illuminate the tarnished scutcheons of Britain and France. We like to be reminded of the many imperialist adventures these countries have indulged in, of the imperfections of their democracies, and of the greed and stupidity of their ruling classes. Without quite realizing it, we provide a receptive audience for the propaganda of the Nazis and their variegated cooperators in this country, who are well aware of the most telling lines to use.

Now it is undeniable that Britain and France have much to atone for, as America has also, and democracy might well pray for less fly-blown champions than Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier. But in respect to the issues involved in the war these things are not really relevant. To regard the conflict simply as a struggle between rival imperialisms is to mistake the shadow for the substance, for essentially it is a struggle between two totally incompatible ideas of man's destiny.

This is the point so forcibly made in Thomas Mann's article on page 174. On the one hand we have a conception of a progressive society which, often as it has betrayed the idea, is founded on a belief in the worth and dignity of each individual, of a society which, like our own, is dedicated to ideals of liberty and equal justice for all. The fact that all too frequently such ideals have been most honored in the breach makes them neither worthless nor impotent, for as long as society is committed to faith in them they cannot be wholly destroyed. It is because the National Socialist philosophy wholly repudiates these values that the outcome of the war will decide far more than the question of who is to be top-dog in Europe. If Hitler wins, his system will be imposed on the whole continent, his idea of progress—that of domination by a "master-race"—will mold its future, his creed of blind obedience to the godlike state will be stamped into the minds of the young. We may choose to shut our eyes to these implications of Nazism, to comfort ourselves with

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the thought that if Hitler wins security for himself and his regime he may modify his ideas and limit his ambitions. But if we do we shall be indulging in the ostrich tactics against which Mr. Roosevelt has warned us and ignoring the lessons of Czechoslovakia and Poland. Let us remember that for seven long years Mr. Chamberlain, together with a majority of the British people, fooled themselves into believing that Hitler could be pacified by judicious doses of appeasement. Many of us were agonized by their credulity then, and the fact that they were finally forced to recognize their error is no reason for its adoption here.

The most important thing for America to do with regard to the war is to understand it. Wishfully thinking that its results do not concern us will not suffice to keep us out. When actualities fail to correspond with hopes, defense mechanisms are pasteboard shields. On the basis of the present situation there is no reason to believe that the Allies are looking for or require our military aid. They do need our material and, perhaps even more, our moral support. In war, Napoleon once said, the moral is to the material as five to one, and in this struggle of conflicting moralities the imponderable factors may prove even more decisive.

Civil Rights and Wrongs

THIS session of Congress will see a renewed drive for legislation dangerous to civil liberties. The chances of its success are greater than ever. In the convergence of several widely different forces lies a threat to basic rights more serious than any this country has seen since the post-war reaction. Some will be tempted, indeed, to speak of a kind of pre-war reaction. We think that premature, and we hope it is unwarranted. But the danger lies in the fact that hitherto clashing political currents are uniting behind the movement for limitation of speech, press, and assembly. The oldest of these currents is represented by Dies. It springs from a desire to smear the New Deal as red. Within the Administration anxieties about the red label, a recognition of the grave potentialities in such organizations as the Christian Front and the Bund, and a new anti-communism born of the Nazi-Soviet pact tend to flow into the main stream of the movement. These currents are being strengthened by the attitude of labor unions hitherto free from red phobia but now very hostile to the Communists because of events abroad. The European war casts its shadow over the civil-liberties issue as it does over the problem of the budget, and in the minds of some people the need for a bigger navy seems to go hand in hand with a need to bring under surveillance groups suspected of sympathy with the invaders of Finland and the antagonists of the Franco-British alliance. To this extent, though to this extent only, is it possible to speak of a pre-war reaction. We ended one war to make the world safe for democracy by an attack on democratic rights at home. It would be a pity to start another in that way.

The Nation does not oppose proper and constitutional methods for dealing with private military or semi-military groups modeled on Nazi-Fascist lines, or legislation designed to deal with racial or religious slander, or requirement of full publicity on the sources of income of all publications and groups organized for propaganda. We already have a law providing for the registration of foreign agents, and the statute books contain ample provisions against espionage. Our war-time Espionage Act is still in force, and its terms are in fact so sweeping that they are a potential menace to freedom of speech and press. But we see no reasonable connection between legitimate measures of this sort, which can be enforced without impinging on civil liberties, and the kind of measures flooding the present session of Congress. Most dangerous of these, because it has already passed both houses, is the military-disaffection bill, a hardy perennial sponsored this year by Senator Walsh. Its terms are so broad, it was pointed out by a minority report in the House last year, that under it newspaper editors who oppose larger arms appropriations might be prosecuted and private homes invaded. Persons could be arrested for possessing literature which might lead to "disaffection" among soldiers or sailors. A measure of this kind would come more appropriately from Japanese militarists, who employ just such means to suppress "dangerous thoughts." Similarly un-American, in the true meaning of that much-abused term, are the Smith omnibus-gag bill, the federal-sedition bill, and the Hobbs "concentration-camp" bill.

The main strength of the current drive against civil liberties derives from the fears inevitably aroused in a period of social change. In this respect the present does not differ markedly from other periods of change in the seventy-five years of *The Nation's* history. The Radical Reconstructionists, the Grangers, the early labor leaders, the Populists, all looked as dangerous in their time as the New Dealers, and bogyman terms were used then as now to kill a reform movement by giving it a bad name. Reaction has found new and unexpected allies during the past year, but that only makes it necessary to fight the harder. In some ways we have less cause for hysteria than our fathers did. If a Browder answered "None" falsely to a routine passport question, a Berkman actually shot a steel magnate. Today *The Nation* fights legislation dangerous to civil liberties for the same reason as in the past. What is at stake is that right of free discussion without which peaceful reform is impossible. We apologize for repeating these platitudes, but it is all too clear that a good many people have yet to recognize their truth.

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America Looks East

WITH the expiration of the trade treaty with Japan, the Far Eastern relations of the United States enter a new and crucial stage. If we look back over the past forty years we find that American policy in the Far East shows a remarkable consistency. The basis of this policy has been the belief that the interests of this country, as well as those of the world as a whole, are best served by a strong, independent China. This policy was incorporated in the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China. Repeated flagrant violations of this agreement by Japan have led the United States to sever its treaty relations with Tokyo in order to be free to take such action as may be necessary in defense of America's traditional rights in the East. At least one observer—Walter Lippmann—sees the abrogation of the trade treaty as a major step toward war. Senator Vandenberg, who instigated the move, denies this but says that imposition of an embargo would bring this country to the brink of hostilities. In view of these alarmist statements, it might be well to consider, as realistically as possible, the dangers which lurk in the complex situation in the Far East today.

Lippmann fears that the Japanese will resort to more and more desperate expedients as their situation becomes more and more desperate, and will give vent to their anger by seeking to destroy the power of Britain and France in the Far East. The United States will presumably become involved in war by coming to the rescue of the Western powers, since their interests are in many respects identical with those of this country. No one can say that this *cannot* happen. The whole course of Japanese policy in the months immediately preceding the outbreak of the European war pointed in this direction. But since the signing of the Soviet-German pact destroyed the basis of Japanese foreign policy, Tokyo has directed its efforts toward an understanding with the West. Except for a spasmodic renewal of the Tientsin blockade, no new provocative steps have been taken against Britain or France. The fact that negotiations for the settlement of the border dispute with the Soviet Union have broken down places the Japanese under increasing pressure to patch up affairs with the West.

This development should also have considerable effect on American policy. For several months warnings have been heard that drastic action by the United States in imposing an embargo on war supplies might drive Japan directly into the arms of the Soviet Union. But once the embargo was imposed, Japan would hardly be worth courting as an ally, or worth appeasing as a dangerous enemy. Japan is cut off from all European sources of supply; this country has been furnishing over 75 per cent of its essential war materials and nearly a third of the foreign exchange needed to buy these products. Unless this aid is continued, Japan will rapidly degenerate into a third- or fourth-class military power.

It does not look as if an embargo were likely to be imposed, for a time at least. This leaves Japan relatively strong but, as Nathaniel Peffer points out elsewhere in this issue, completely at the mercy of the United States. If we are to judge by the Administration's present attitude, the Japanese could probably escape penalties altogether if they promised to recognize America's basic rights in China and gave evidence of being able to live up to this promise. Actually, however, Tokyo is in no position to make such a promise because the military clique which is in the saddle in the occupied sections of China would not honor it. Respect for American rights in China would involve abandonment of all that Japan has been fighting for these past eight years. The New Order in East Asia has had as its primary objective the closing of doors to Western trade in China, so as to reserve the Chinese market exclusively for Japan. We may assume, therefore, that Japan will not cease discriminating against American trade. This means that the United States may very quickly find itself in a position where it must either adopt concrete measures to force Japan to give way, or surrender all the advantages it has gained through termination of the treaty. Mild measures, such as the imposition of a 25 per cent countervailing duty, may be taken as a sign of weakness and are more likely to invite retaliation than is a complete embargo.

Fortunately, Japan's capacity for retaliation is drastically limited. It might take measures against American missionaries and business men in China. It might declare a blockade against China and interfere with American shipping on grounds that supplies were reaching the enemy. Farther it could hardly go. But as none of these steps would inconvenience the United States to anything like the degree that an embargo would affect Japan, this country could well afford to hold out for Japanese capitulation.

The danger that Japan might resort to war against the United States cannot be wholly ignored, but it is a comparatively minor risk. Japan is certainly in no position to fight a war with a major power at present. If a war did develop between Japan and the United States, the chances are that—like the present war in Europe—it would be an economic rather than a military conflict, and even this seems unlikely.

Recent political changes in Japan indicate that the military extremists are losing strength primarily because of the unfavorable foreign situation. Prompt and resolute action by the United States, as ex-Secretary Stimson has pointed out, is best calculated to strengthen the moderates against the clique which has brought Japan to the brink of ruin.

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Godkin's "Nation"

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOUNDED immediately after the greatest war in history up to that time, *The Nation* reaches its seventy-fifth anniversary with Europe in the middle of a devastating and needless conflict. I often wish that Godkin were alive now to scourge the British statesmen so largely responsible for this war, for he had the most powerful editorial pen ever wielded in this country—a pen backed by a fund of knowledge and a passion for righteousness and justice never surpassed in the history of daily and weekly journalism in the United States. No man ever entered upon an American editorial career better equipped for it than he, with wide knowledge of this country, Ireland, England, and the Continent, experience as a correspondent in the Crimean War, and a magnificent style.

Mr. Godkin's editorial associate in *The Nation's* establishment was Wendell Phillips Garrison, son of William Lloyd Garrison, and later son-in-law of J. Miller McKim, a Quaker Abolitionist of Philadelphia, who had gone with Mrs. John Brown to Harper's Ferry to bring Brown's body back to molder in the grave. McKim contributed to the financing of the new magazine. Few people realize, perhaps, that the main purpose behind the founding of *The Nation* was to champion the newly freed slaves and to work for a square deal for them. That our government did so little for the former slaves seems incredible in these days of social security, WPA, and so many other enterprises for keeping American citizens alive and creating employment for them. The government of Andrew Johnson thought the establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau under the direction of General O. O. Howard all that was necessary. Had there been the vision then to create educational institutions for the Negro throughout the South, to purchase land for the settlement of capable Negro farmers, and to supply them with the necessary working capital and equipment, the whole story of Reconstruction must have been different, especially if right-minded and just Southerners of the type of Robert E. Lee, P. T. Beauregard, and John B. Gordon had been drawn into such an undertaking.

The Nation editors themselves had no such far-reaching vision, but they did make every effort for elemental justice for the freedman. Gradually, however, this prime purpose of *The Nation* became less and less important. Godkin had a genius for politics, for analyzing issues and exposing political frauds, and was far too big a man to be tied down to one cause. He had his limitations, which I have often stressed; they were the limitations of the followers of the Manchester school in England, of Cobden and of Bright. Labor questions Mr. Godkin rarely judged aright. On the question of the enfranchisement of women his blind eye was at the telescope, though he fought bravely for their higher education and achieved a great deal, much more than he has been given credit for. He was one of the first American editors of the post-Civil War era to sound an authoritative note in dealing with foreign problems; his "leaders" on Europe never failed to attract attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The measure of his judgment and power in dealing with domestic affairs is found in the fact that no historian can write of the history of the United States from 1865 to 1905 without turning to the pages of this journal. There is not another weekly embalmed in our public libraries that is so often quoted by historians and so regularly treated as an authoritative source.

If Godkin was, as James Bryce called him, "a stringent economist" of the "old orthodox type," he was always clearness and courage personified. "The paper was the man, and the man was the paper." And the man never advocated anything that he did not believe in with passionate conviction. Never did he stop to consider the interests of the stockholders; so that the paper was often in financial difficulties and was perishing when it came into the hands of Henry and Fanny Garrison Villard in 1881. Bryce also pointed out that Godkin's judgments were severe because of the rigidity of his standards; he might have added that these standards were higher than any so far set up in American journalism. Bryce, often a politician himself, felt that they were at times too high; he remonstrated with Godkin for not allowing sufficiently for the "difficulties in which honorable and public-spirited men are placed by the exigencies of practical politics." But Godkin, being wholly outside the political game, was able to see how bitterly the American people often paid for those compromises, how many times they were unnecessary, how often politicians compromised before there was any exigency.

I defy any fair-minded man to read *The Nation* of Godkin and Garrison and deny their high-mindedness and the extraordinary accuracy of their judgments as a whole when tested by the lapse of years. Of course they made errors, but their batting average remains amazingly high, much higher, I believe, than any of their compromising contemporaries. With thoughtful people it was Godkin's sincerity which counted. That offset his acerbity, the sharpness of his pen, his refusal to forgive or forget

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the peccadillos and sins of men sworn to serve the people faithfully and honestly. It is the unpurchasable integrity of these two editors which has made the pages of their *Nation* live to this day.

It is indicative of their influence that the author of the new book commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" criticizes Bryce for having been so influenced by Godkin and his followers. Bryce to his lasting discredit, after having accepted great aid from Mr. Godkin, who read and revised both manuscript and proofs and even wrote a portion of the two volumes, never made adequate acknowledgment of Mr. Godkin's contributions to the "American Commonwealth," while thanking others like my father, who supplied the chapter on railroads. Yet Bryce, like every other commentator upon the American scene of that time, would have been under deep obligation to the editor of *The Nation* even if Mr. Godkin had never seen those epoch-making volumes until they came from the press. As William C. Brownell once wrote of Godkin, "real politics had been the study of his life," and he brought to bear upon them "the treasures of a mind stored in history and economics and statecraft, as well as trained by systematic reflection."

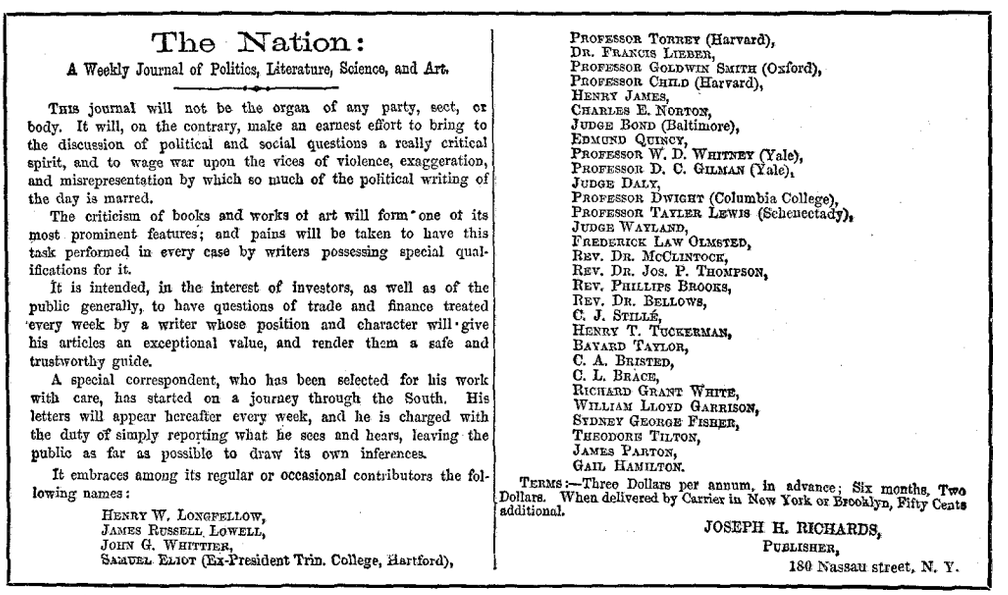
Equally free was the literary department of his *Nation*. There, since I am related to Wendell Phillips Garrison, and was bound to him by ties of deepest personal affection, I must let others tell the story. To quote Bryce again, "A better literary editor than Mr. Garrison it would have been impossible to find." Lord Bryce added in *The Nation* of July 8, 1915:

> He wrote very little himself. . . . But he was an excellent judge of good writing, and took endless pains always to search out not only the most accomplished writers but the men most competent to deal with any particular subject. His standard of excellence was as high as that of the best literary journals of Europe. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any of these journals maintained so uniformly high a level. The book notices for which he was responsible as editor were free from bias, were replete with knowledge, were thorough and discriminating in their treatment.

Mr. Brownell, long a member of the staff, admired Godkin fervently, and he too declared that Godkin *was The Nation*. But he added: "Yet it is also true to say that without Mr. Garrison *The Nation* could hardly have existed. He not only kept all the machinery going, but kept it working smoothly and in strict correspondence with its exacting standards. . . . His success was due to his character. To an extremely fastidious, even rigid, literary scrupulousness, he added a conscience that worked with it." Contrary to the general belief that the literary *Nation* of those days was extremely conservative if not reactionary, Mr. Brownell like others bore witness that Garrison "lived habitually on a plane where precedent and convention had in themselves no sanction, no meaning. And the columns of *The Nation* in many subtle ways were infiltrated with his moral independence and ideality."

Naturally the determination of Mr. Garrison to treat every book as a trust, to be reviewed only by the most competent men in the United States, Canada, or England, without regard to any timeliness, was the despair of the business office and a source of deep irritation to publishers, who were furious when a review appeared three or six months after the publication of the book. Even then the review often killed the volume or exalted it to the highest position. The reviews were never signed (the names of the critics were written against their articles in the bound office files), but invariably they showed that the writer knew as much about the subject as the author. Never was so great a reviewing staff brought together by any journal published in the English language.

Here are some of the names that prove this statement: Henry James (both father and son); William James; Charles Eliot Norton; Frederick Law Olmsted; George P. Marsh; James Russell Lowell, Longfellow, and Whittier; Chauncey Wright; William Dwight Whitney; Francis Wayland; Hermann von Holst; Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Carl Schurz; Willard Fiske; Leslie Stephen,



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THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

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[*This statement of policy and list of contributors appeared first in the issue of July 27, 1865.*]

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A. V. Dicey, and Bryce among many from England; William Francis Allen; Michael Heilprin; Daniel C. Gilman; William Dean Howells; Simon Newcomb; Henry C. Lea; Fitzedward Hall; General Jacob D. Cox; Charles Francis Adams; David A. Wells; Asa Gray, the great botanist; Judge C. C. Nott; Charles W. Eliot; from the Harvard and Yale faculties a great number such as W. G. Sumner, Thomas R. Lounsbury, W. W. Goodwin, C. H. Toy, Charles H. Moore, E. W. Gurney, George L. Goodale, Basil K. Gildersleeve—the whole list would cover pages and would contain about every eminent name in the literary and university world of that period.

Both Godkin and Garrison were modest, retiring men; Godkin was shy, avoided all publicity, never made a speech or a public appearance, and was destitute of almost all the qualities that have distinguished so many successful American editors. He rarely sought the acquaintance of public men and never tried to influence them by personal contacts. For a time he edited *The Nation* from Cambridge, leaving the entire conduct of the paper to Garrison. With years his shyness increased; when he went to the *Evening Post* in 1881 he did not make a practice of knowing all the men on the staff and often failed to recognize some who had been years in the office. This naturally led to his being considered a snob—and he did have snobbish tendencies, for he never overcame the caste spirit which he had imbibed with his English education.

This tendency contrasted strangely with his sincere and complete faith in democracy and democratic institutions. Being an absolutely loyal American, with a great sense of humor for all his outward austerity, he was only amused by the story that he and his staff sang "God Save the Queen" before beginning the daily editorial council and by the constant assertion that he received Cobden Club gold from England for his advocacy of free trade. So far was he from being an admirer of the British Tories and Conservatives that he opposed England's war upon the Boers with the same vigor with which he had denounced Cleveland's Venezuelan message, with its threat of war against England.

As he grew older he dropped office duties and responsibilities more and more and was interested only in his contributions to the editorial page. "I see no visitors until one," he once said, "and at one I go home." To that home came many of the most intellectual and interesting and social-minded men and women of the day. For one whose orbit was so limited, he kept himself amazingly well informed about what was going on in public life; his correspondence, while never as voluminous as that of Garrison, was none the less of great value and interest. It must not be thought, however, that he was a conservative whose interests were bound up with those of the intellectuals and well-bred old New Yorkers in whose set he moved. Wall Street hated him and the *Evening Post* and *The Nation*. He was considered dangerously radical as well as cantankerous and atrabilious by the business world and most of the privileged, who often urged him "to go back where he came from." In labor circles he was believed to be a dyed-in-the-wool conservative and bitterly hostile to trade unionism. As a matter of fact he never deviated from his high liberal standards, and no influences could "reach" or affect him. He delivered the most tremendous and most sustained assaults upon political corruption in this country that ever came from any editor's pen, and never worried about what was said of him unless there were imputations against his good name or integrity.

Mr. Garrison lived only for his family and his work. Few men have had such rich stores of knowledge and left so few written records. He deliberately made up his mind that, except for the four-volume life of his father, of which he was the chief creator, he could not or would not be both editor and author, and so he put his rare knowledge exclusively at *The Nation's* service. That was his life; he poured all his creative ability into the successful effort to bring to literary journalism the highest scholarship and to political journalism the soundest as well as the most brilliant writing of the most competent men.

When Mr. Garrison relinquished *The Nation* in 1906, its circulation had shrunk to pitifully small figures. This was not merely because his age had taken toll of the weekly's freshness and variety. The field had changed. The war with Spain inaugurated not only a new political but also a new literary era. New England had flowered and withered. The imperialist period of our history was beginning. New times, new standards, new men. *The Nation* of Godkin and Garrison could not have lived longer. Its remodeling in 1918 into a journal far more akin in some respects to *The Nation* of 1865 was inevitable. But the past was secure.

What these men had given to their country was the most completely independent and uncontrolled journal that could be created, free from owner influence, free from any consideration of advertisers or readers. Nothing hampered them in carrying out their ideals. They were forward-looking, progressive, even radical for their times—often far in advance of them. The research student and journalist of today, looking over *The Nation's* files, often finds them academic, and even suggests that the paper was remote from the popular currents of its period. This is only partially true. The difficulty of the historian of 1940 is that he cannot project himself into the days in which these men lived; only rarely does he know or understand the America of Garrison and Godkin. When he does, as was the case, for example, with the historian James Ford Rhodes, he is aware that these editors knew their America, recorded its history, and helped to shape its political and social and literary thought more than any other editors of the time.

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Villard's "Nation"

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

I DOUBT that there was ever another such journalistic heaven as was *The Nation* in the early post-war years. I came back from France that autumn of 1919 with one ambition in all the world: to land a job on Villard's *Nation*. I knew what I wanted, and was blissful when I got it: half-time at first, and small pay.

Those were rousing days on Vesey Street. Every week's issue was a new adventure. The country was still in a state of war shock: it was blockading Germans, seeing reds under every bed, crushing strikes in the name of freedom. And yet there was a breeze of hope in the air, a stirring all around the world. The British Labor Party seemed about to reshape England by a peaceful, democratic revolution; the new German Republic was giving women the vote and establishing works councils in every factory; Russia was a land of wild surmises, where every new and hopeful experiment might be tried out for an eager world to watch. Here at home we had the Plumb plan, a sort of industrial republic for the railroads; new unions about to organize the steel mills; labor banks booming; a hope of a great Farmer-Labor Party—in 1924 it seemed about to flower with La Follette. And there was exhilaration in fighting the whole wicked world.

Was there ever a day when the American press did quite as much lying? Even the "crusading" New York *World* waited until after the steel strike was crushed to tell a little truth about it; we on *The Nation* had fresh news, not printed in the big papers, almost every week. The *Times* and the other papers were killing off Lenin and Trotsky and crushing the Russian Revolution three times a week; we had our own reports. We were the first to print, in the International Relations Section, the new Russian constitution, the anti-imperialist treaties, new land laws in the border republics, as well as to expose secret treaties pre- and post-war, suppressed reports of pogroms in Poland, and documents on skulduggery in five continents. It is almost impossible to believe today that a world could ever have seemed so full of hope—or so full of such sinister machinations as *The Nation* was privileged to expose, week after week.

It was an exciting office in which to work. Most of us were young, and a little afraid of austere William MacDonald, who set our grammar straight and threw out our more extreme effusions. (But it was MacDonald himself who, when New Yorkers were sleeping in the streets, wrote that famous editorial, Seize Every Empty House, which so shocked Oswald Villard on his return from the West.) When, in 1922, the staff celebrated Villard's fiftieth birthday, it seemed to many of us that he was a phenomenally well-preserved old man. Among ourselves, we said that we admired him because he had had the courage to change his views on so many questions after reaching the hale old age of forty, when most men's minds were crusted; but when we tried to suggest that to our chief, he would thunder that he had never wavered from the true Godkin-Garrison-Villard tradition.

Albert Jay Nock was halfway on and halfway off the staff, dreaming of his brief and brilliant *Freeman;* he would read bits of "Wolfville" and of Artemus Ward at staff dinners. Henry Mussey, in one of his unprofessorial interludes, was our managing editor. Soon after Mussey returned to academic pastures, Ernest Gruening breezed into the office, charging in a dozen directions at once. We saved Haiti week after week, until the grateful Haitians proposed erecting a statue to Gruening's living memory. We got the troops out of Santo Domingo. It was Gruening who planned and carried out the famous series of articles on These United States. He was a man of sterling editorial principles. If memory serves me right, he persuaded both Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters to write articles on Illinois, and then rejected them both as not up to our penny-a-word standard. With difficulty we reverent juniors persuaded him not to reject Dreiser's article on Indiana.

It was Ernest Gruening's comfortable theory that an article, if you keep it long enough, always becomes timely. No matter what world-shaking event blazed in the newspaper headlines, he could always rummage in a desk drawer and come out with a "timely" article to meet the situation. In off weeks he went back to saving Haiti. Mr. Villard sometimes thought that Haiti wasn't really lead-article subject matter more than once or twice a month.

Gruening also was the staff lowbrow. Most of us were soundly in awe of Carl Van Doren and Ludwig Lewisohn; if they said a poem was good, we believed it, whether we could understand it or not. I once innocently spoiled one of Ernest's efforts to prove that we were wrong. I was closing the forms at the Nation Press one Tuesday morning, when a printer came to me querying a four-line poem at the foot of a column. It didn't make sense, he said. I thought perhaps a line had fallen out, and tried to find the original manuscript; I sought vainly to telephone Carl Van Doren. Finally, I took the quatrain out, and somehow filled the space. Carl, when located,

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said he had never seen the lines; Ernest Gruening, we discovered, had composed a little free verse of his own, with no meaning whatever, and believed that no reader would recognize it as different from the modern poetry selected by our literary editor.

Those were the days when "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" won our poetry prize, Gruening and Villard's negative votes being outweighed by the enthusiastic juniors of the staff. Bob Benchley celebrated that poem with a famous parody, "Cold Mornings Have Been in Bensonhurst," and the prize-winner had cards printed reading, "Eli Siegel, Author of Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana."

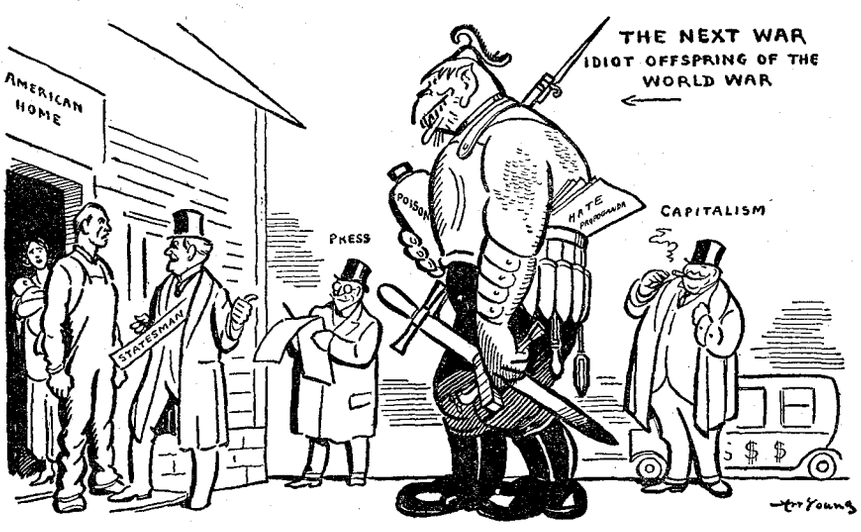
Norman Thomas was with us for two years; shy Arthur Gleason tried for a time to match his analytic spirit with our crusading zeal. George Soule, now of the *New Republic,* was briefly on the staff; so was Stuart Chase, but he had a flip way of throwing custard pies in his paragraphs which irked Mr. Villard's sense of the paper's dignity. Mr. Villard was a fighting liberal who yearned to be a sound conservative. He never wanted to do what Godkin and Garrison would not have done, and he always had to be persuaded into any break with tradition. Such liberals are often more effective than those who battle on all fronts at once, yet I still think that Stuart Chase writes rousing American English.

We all had a reverence for good writing though we differed in our definition of the word "good"; and in those days proofreading was an art. George Schumm, who had given his life to proofreading for lost causes, was our tutor. (He had worked for twenty years with Benjamin R. Tucker, that philosopher of American individualism who never rated a showing in "Who's Who" but had a half column in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," by Prince Kropotkin; Tucker died last year, without an obit in the newspapers of his own country.) I remember a succession of evening sessions—we were eager to work overtime—at which we hotly argued the more controversial uses of commas, colons, capitals, and italics. Under Carl Van Doren's leadership we reedited the University of Chicago Style Book; and Papa Schumm held us to it rigidly.

Carl Van Doren was, I still think, the greatest literary editor of this century. He had a genius for recognizing budding talent; the best young men and women in all the country's universities were proud to review for him; and when he painstakingly cut their prolix writing to the bone, and sent them proofs of his abridged versions of their scripts, they would write back thanking him, saying that they had not realized they could write so well. We believed in "editing," and learned to do it conscientiously. It was *The Nation's* province, then as now, to recognize the important in a swamp of ill-written words, and to snake it out of the mire. *The Nation* never paid well; but people wrote avidly, from universities and from mining camps, eager to tell a story that the newspapers were missing. (Silas Bent coined the epigram: "To read *The Nation* is a necessity; to write for it is a luxury.") Freda Kirchwey developed a special genius at reworking manuscripts which at first seemed impossible, preserving the personality of the writer yet organizing a mushy text into new coherence and force.

It wasn't only the inarticulate who wrote for us; some of the best writers in America appeared in our pages, often as not anonymously. I understood what style meant when, making up the editorial pages, I found it necessary to add or subtract a line from Ludwig Lewisohn's copy, to bring the columns out even. Usually it was easy to insert or excise an adjective, or rephrase a sentence, to fill or cut a line. But the smallest word changed in Lewisohn's text obviously spoiled the rhythm. That was true only to a lesser extent of Joseph Wood Krutch's flowing prose.

Arthur Warner, best loved and most crotchety of the staff, had a special collection of hobbies. He hated the invading automobiles; and he loved to write of good American food. To that writing he brought a passion born of the fact that his own diet was perforce almost entirely restricted to milk toast, made with whole-wheat bread. Warner was the staff handy man; it was he who exposed the "Myth of Calvin Coolidge" and therewith coined a phrase that became part of the language. Warner joined *The Nation* on his way out from the old New York *Evening Post,* then in the same building



The Nation, October 24, 1923

Introducing the Monster

"We feel that you folks ought to get acquainted with this fellow."

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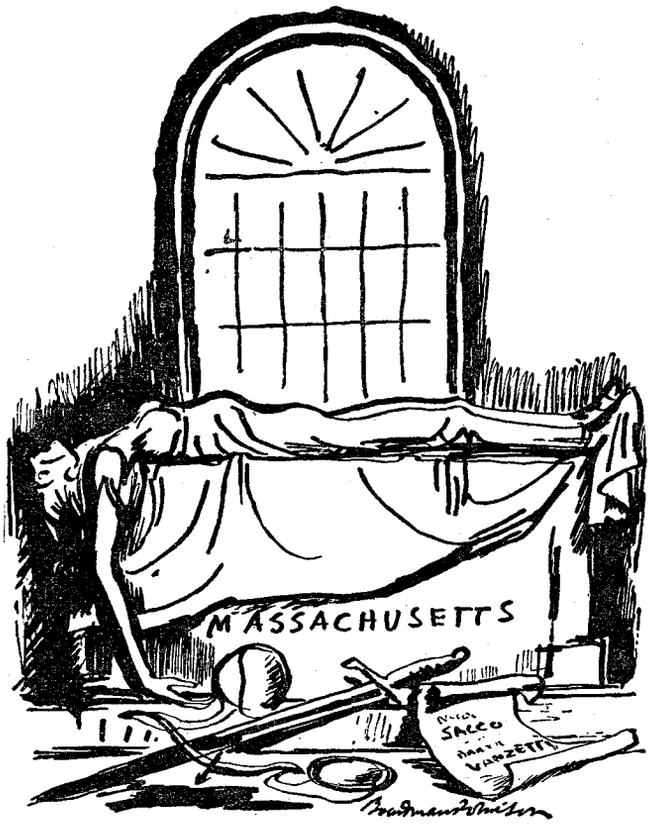
with us. He stopped on the fourth floor to report that he had been fired for writing a round-robin in behalf of a surreptitious newspapermen's union, and was promptly taken on *The Nation's* staff. Later, from our office, he made another effort to organize such a union; Heywood Broun became its president, and so in a sense Warner as much as Broun was founder of the now flourishing Newspaper Guild. Broun too joined *The Nation* as a regular when the *World* dropped him, and his shambling presence added a new note to our Thursday morning editorial conferences.

The Nation had inherited plenty of causes from Godkin and Garrison; each week it took on new ones. It was avowedly and outspokenly a fighting, muckraking magazine. In the early years we worked at getting the Allies out of Russia; soon we were feeding the victims of famine. We were the first to denounce the Treaty of Versailles. Ernest Gruening lived in a perpetual anti-lynching crusade, and kept a special eye on Mexico and the Caribbean. Bill Hard came up from Washington and announced his expectation of blasting five members out of the Harding Cabinet; ably assisted by the elder La Follette, Wheeler, Walsh, and others, he almost succeeded. We were always eager to second that grandest of all the old Romans, George Norris of Nebraska, in what then seemed his almost hopeless crusade to save Muscle Shoals from the spoilsmen; few then dared to dream of such a Utopia as the TVA of today. The fabulous Paul Anderson, who succeeded Hard as our Washington correspondent, of course dared anything—dream or attack—and was miraculously effective.

One morning Dr. W. J. Maloney walked into conference with a plan to scare Britain into recalling the Black and Tans from Ireland. Before noon *The Nation's* Committee of One Hundred on Ireland was born; within a few months the famous Commission of Inquiry was sitting in Washington, and the Black and Tan atrocities were forced on public attention. The lovely Muriel and the fierce Mary MacSwiney came to America under our auspices, and in time the Republic of Eire was born. We felt partially responsible.

We sent Carleton Beals to Nicaragua to interview Sandino, the little rebel general for whom the American army was hunting in vain; Beals found him, and *The Nation* scored an impressive "scoop." Mr. Villard sent me off to China just in time to catch the leaders of both wings of the embryonic Nationalist state idling in Canton. Joseph Wood Krutch, Tennessee-born, interpreted Darrow, Bryan, and the "monkey trial" in Dayton as only an enlightened Tennessean could. Freda Kirchwey was always discovering and defending rebels in the colleges; she was also the New Woman editor, the Sex editor, and the Modern Morals editor. She edited the symposium on "Our Changing Morality" which later appeared in book form; she also assembled the series of anonymous auto-



Boardman Robinson *The Nation*, September 7, 1927

biographies of "These Modern Women," which, had they been signed, would have produced an even bigger stir. Civilization was at the crossroads every week; some flip editor suggested that as a standing head for our lead editorial.

The noble succession of Van Dorens—Carl, Irita, Mark, and Dorothy—held the journal's literary standards high; there was a strange interlude when big-hearted John Macy dealt out books to reviewers selected rather for their need of money than for their authority. Macy's own criticism was incisive, his judgment of reviewers almost purely humanitarian.

Always "the Boss" was the heart of the paper. Villard's infectious moral indignation inspired us all; his natural gift for story-telling made his every return from an out-of-town crusade an adventure for the staff; his genius for friendship constantly brought new life into our pages. He had that capacity for perpetual excitement which is the essential of the good newspaperman. Sometimes we thought him too loyal to the Godkin-Garrison tradition; it was only after a long fight that Freda Kirchwey succeeded in introducing cartoons into the paper's chaste pages. When, in 1925, we actually printed a script for a "movie"—Mr. Villard insisted that we put that word in quotation marks, or else say "motion picture"—he felt we had betrayed him in his absence.

Sometimes, outvoted by his juniors, our democratic leader turned dictator, and vetoed our frivolous revolutions—in perspective one can see that he was often right. He wouldn't let us print an irreverent, rollicking piece

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that Bill Hard wrote about him, exposing him as a thunderer in public, who had "made more acres of public men acutely miserable, per unit of circulation, than any other editor alive," but a sunny story-teller in private, almost enjoying his own embittered indignations. Hard even burst into verse:

When Oswald isn't following his employment—
his employment
Of devastating all the public scene,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
cent enjoyment
Would make the joyous public man turn green.

We cussed him and loved him, listened and learned. *The Nation* of the nineteen twenties was a great school —for its editors and for America. What "Main Street," "Winesburg, Ohio," and "Spoon River" were in other fields of literature, *The Nation* was to journalism. It still is.

"Free Inquiry and Free Endeavor"

BY I. F. STONE

TO UNDERSTAND *The Nation's* past one must understand Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Godkin was more than the founder of *The Nation.* Though many other able and brilliant men contributed regularly to its pages, *The Nation* for more than thirty years was synonymous with Godkin and Godkin with *The Nation.* His approach to economic problems, that of a laissez faire liberal, still dominated *The Nation* at its fiftieth birthday, thirteen years after his death. Godkin's moralistic approach to politics and politicians, which made him seem a Jeremiah to his admirers and a cantankerous perfectionist to his critics, was also Oswald Garrison Villard's and may still be found in the pages of *The Nation.* Godkin's most admirable characteristic as an editor was his independence, and this is still *The Nation's* ideal.

Godkin's independence was part of the atmosphere in which he was reared. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Catholic Ireland, but one whose devotion to Home Rule cost him his pulpit. Godkin's basic ideas on economics and society were acquired in the '40's. He entered Queen's College, Belfast, in 1846, and there, as he wrote many years later, "John Stuart Mill was our prophet, and Grote and Bentham were our daily food." These writers, fast becoming little more than names, were once new windows on the world. To a generation brought up on the history of Greece as written by Whig or Tory to illustrate "the dangerous turbulence of democracy," Grote's "History," with its glamorous picture of Athenian self-government as seen through the eyes of a philosophical radical, came as an inspiring revelation.

The outlines of a collectivist future that Godkin always regarded as the shadow of outworn fallacies rather than of coming truths were already visible in positivism and the first writings of socialism, in Mill's own budding doubts, and in the very rationale of utilitarianism itself. But to the young men of the British middle classes in Godkin's student days, and for many years after, laissez faire liberalism was almost a religious faith. The complex of ideas that now provides the toothless apologetics of an American Liberty League was then a rich and blooming hope. Like Marxism later, it seemed to promise an end of tyranny, poverty, ignorance, and war; and like Marxism it seemed no utopian dream but a body of inescapable conclusions from the observed facts of history and human nature. The visible embodiment of these ideals, the proof of their practicability, the guaranty of their ultimate achievement, was America, as Soviet Russia was to be for many radicals in our time. "I have said," Godkin wrote, "that John Stuart Mill was our prophet, but America was our promised land. To the scoffs of the Tories that our schemes were impracticable, our answer was that in America, barring slavery, they were actually at work." Their knowledge of America, as he recorded it, was drawn largely from de Tocqueville, and they could have had no better guide, for the latter's vision was distorted neither by millennial delusions nor by aristocratic antipathy.

These were the sources of the ideals and preconceptions with which Godkin, after turning down the editorship of the Belfast *Whig,* came to America in 1856, "on the eve of the Presidential election. The air . . . full of the discussion about slavery. The excitement . . . tremendous." Three months after Appomattox he launched *The Nation,* its name the product of a boyhood admiration for a weekly of the same name established in Dublin in 1842 and described as "remarkable for its talent, for its seditious tendencies, and for the fire and spirit of its political poetry."

When the first issue of *The Nation* appeared, on July 6, 1865, Godkin was thirty-three. He was to change little, but America much, before he relinquished the editorship in 1899. *The Nation* and its founder started under certain initial disadvantages. Their idealism could have found no more incongruous setting than the America of the Gilded Age. The laissez faire that *The Nation* was to preach, though one of the favorite optical illusions of American politics and constitutional law, was never really

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a dominant American philosophy. Business men opposed government aid to workers and farmers, and workers and farmers opposed government aid to business. But neither opposed government aid to themselves.

If Cobden symbolizes British capitalism, Hamilton symbolizes American, and Hamilton, with his plea for protective tariffs and subsidies, and his frank manipulation of governmental devices to encourage enterprise, was no follower of Adam Smith. Free trade itself began to seem a device for maintaining British industrial supremacy; French and German policy alike soon turned Hamiltonian to build up national industries. Our business interests have always found their political vehicle in parties which never permitted lip service to laissez faire to interfere with aid to business—the Federalists under Hamilton, the Whigs under Clay and Webster, the Republicans through McKinley to Hoover. The Jeffersonians, it is true, believed that government best which governs least, but our parties of the lower middle class, whether under Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, or Franklin D. Roosevelt, were as ready as the Hamiltonians to use state power, when in office, for the advancement of their own class interests and economic welfare. Our early working-class movements, as far back as the 1830's, were socialistic, and if British middle-class intellectuals in the '40's read Mill, American middle-class intellectuals in the '40's grew up in the shadow of Brook Farm, discussed Fourierism, and encountered socialism in Horace Greeley's *Tribune*.

Out of power each of the two major parties was wont to denounce the other for using the state for its own purposes, and laissez faire slogans came to be more and more strongly used to combat social legislation from the '70's on. Charles A. Dana set the fashion of preaching rugged individualism to workers while advocating higher tariffs for the manufacturers and bigger land grants for the railroad promoters. But to advocate laissez faire consistently and honestly, as *The Nation* and Godkin did, was to adopt a lonely and ineffectual attitude—hostile to the capitalist trend toward monopoly, hostile to the agrarian cry for regulation of railroads and business, hostile to the workers' attempts at collective action. In England the advocate of laissez faire marched in the triumphant ranks of the merchants and manufacturers; in America he fought a hopeless rear-guard action in the retreating forces of small business men, *rentiers,* and the Adams family. *The Nation* under Godkin attacked the Grangers, the Populists, the trade unions, the single-taxers, and the Socialists, as well as the trusts, the railroad barons, the tariff log-rollers, and the stockjobbing financiers. But the second group was to transform our economy and the first our politics until laissez faire liberalism, once a revolutionary and liberating force, became the slogan of reactionaries. *The Nation,* which was always liberal, thus grew less and less progressive. Finally, separated from the genteel and enlightened free-trade conservatism of the pre-war New York *Evening Post, The Nation* from 1917 on was to become what its founder would have termed "communistic."

SCHOLARS AND GENTLEMEN

Godkin and his pre-war successors labored under another disadvantage. They were not merely intellectuals; they were also gentlemen. They were fastidious to begin with, and history in the making is sadly unrefined. At their worst they grew querulous, and seemed to scold rather than instruct. Wendell Phillips Garrison, Horace White, Rollo Ogden, Harold de Wolf Fuller, Paul Elmer More, Hammond Lamont were all what it was once customary to term men of good family. Some of them, like Godkin himself as he grew older, tended to be snobbish. The pages of the old *Nation* are full of amusing illustrations of this tendency. It was always calling men it disliked "vulgar," and Dana found no better way to make Godkin writhe than by referring to him in print as "Larry" Godkin. To Godkin commenting on the Commune in Paris, "perhaps the most striking incident of the crisis" was that "veritable workingmen sit in council in the gilded saloons of the Hotel de Ville and are waited upon by lackeys in livery." Godkin could be more Tory than the Tories in his social prejudices. In 1900 we find him mourning the fact that since Peel's day the English upper classes "have never been content with a statesman of their own order" but had picked in Disraeli "a Jewish literary adventurer" (this was snobbery, not anti-Semitism) and in Joseph Chamberlain "a dealer in screws." Godkin wrote of Mill, "He suffered in his treatment of all the questions of the day from excess of culture and deficiency of blood"; but the judgment applies far better to Godkin and his pre-war successors than to Mill, for Mill's humanity in later years overcame his preconceptions and led him first to disavow the wage-fund theory and then to move toward socialism. It was easier for Godkin and his associates to see the absurdities than the strength of the new men and movements coming up about them: on the one hand the get-rich-quick vulgarians of capitalism, and on the other a procession of characters that seemed monstrosities to *The Nation*—Powderly and Debs, Donnelly and Bryan, a Coin Harvey and a Sockless Jerry Simpson.

Certain pages in the old *Nation* make strange reading. *The Nation* felt in 1865 that if the movement for an eight-hour day were successful, "the time is not far distant when all things will be in common and grass grow in Broadway." "Last winter," *The Nation* said in 1874 of the Granger movement for railroad regulation, "the Grangers came to the conclusion that what they wanted was reduction of the rates; next winter their fancy may take another turn, and they may think that each passenger ought to have a car for himself, with meals along the route furnished gratis by the company." In 1878 *The*

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Nation was worried because many newspapers, though "troubled by the growth of communism among the working classes in this country," yet favored the income tax. *The Nation* accused these newspapers of "forgetting that communistic ideas were started by the Western farmers in the Granger movement, and that nothing is more natural than that the doctrines about property which were promulgated passionately by persons who simply wished to impose on others part of the burden of carrying their goods to market, should have found expression in pillage and arson two or three years later among suffering operatives." In 1884 *The Nation* attacked the platform committee at that year's Republican convention for "catering to the tastes and dogmas of the Communists" because it proposed to bar contract labor, oppose acquisition of large tracts of land by corporations or individuals, and enforce the eight-hour law on government work. *The Nation's* advice on the Anarchist movement in 1887 was not to "be afraid of making 'martyrs' of their leading scoundrels by hanging them." "Debs Desperadoes" it named the Pullman strikers in 1894, and it called Altgeld "boorish, impudent, and ignorant" for objecting to the use of federal troops to break the strike. In Coxey's Army that same year it saw only "loafers and tramps." It defended Briand against Jaurès in 1911 after the former broke the French railway strike by martial law, and it disapproved when Lloyd George introduced a bill for sickness and unemployment insurance. It termed Theodore Roosevelt "reckless, cruel, and incendiary" in his attacks on the courts and supported Wilson in 1912, only to be disappointed when he surrendered to railway labor's demand for the eight-hour day in 1916. It thought the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the United States Supreme Court a mistake. *The Nation* felt that he had given no proof of possessing "the true judicial habit of mind."

Godkin Said—

We expect always to advocate a strict adherence to the Constitution, but not a strict construction of it. . . . No human wisdom could frame a detailed plan of government that would not at some period suffocate the nation if strictly construed.

The world has always been, is now, and ever will be ruled by brains, and the fight between progress and conservatism is to decide, not whether sloppy sentimentality or selfish tyranny shall get the upper hand, but what order of ideas brains shall serve. The reason why the whiskey ring is so powerful among us is that they have applied brains to the business of stealing and swindling, and good people have opposed to them nothing but rhetoric.

There has not been a single war of this century, not strictly defensive, which is not now condemned by the leading actors in it, and the public judgment every year follows more and more rapidly on the event, because the people in every country are every year less and less influenced by enthusiasm.

Aristocratic government was tried up to 1830, and that period was pronounced a failure. It converted the nation into an athlete of prodigious force, a bruiser of incomparable dexterity, who distributed black eyes and bloody noses over the whole earth but left his wife and family in squalor and misery. Middle-class government has now been tried ever since, and the result is a full and well-to-do merchant, whose muscle has all run to blubber, whose credit on 'Change is immense, but whose movements are so slow and uncertain and whose will is so feeble that his servants do not obey him and his neighbors laugh at him and his miserable work-people clamor every day more and more loudly for a share in his profits. [*On English government.*]

[*The quotations from Godkin on these pages are taken from editorials in the earliest volumes of* The Nation.]

LAISSEZ FAIRE PURITY

Labor didn't like the old *Nation,* but neither did Wall Street. The very first issue contained both an advertisement inserted by the leading financier of the time, Jay Cooke, and a criticism of him. In 1866, to those who would limit the franchise to men of property, it replied, "Wealthy men control our railroad corporations; what has been the degree of honor and regard for the public good with which these institutions have been managed?" Long before Matthew Josephson's "Robber Barons," *The Nation* was talking of our railroad magnates in the same terms. "No generation of feudal barons in the fourteenth century," *The Nation* said in 1868, ". . . ever . . . lived more openly or undisguisedly by force or fraud than do the railroad men of our time." Striking coal miners in 1871 seemed to *The Nation* to be engaged in an attempt to "corner" the public. But "the business of 'cornering' the public," *The Nation* pointed out, "that is, of extorting money from it by the sudden production of artificial scarcity for the benefit of one class or body, was first begun by capitalists for their own benefit, and they carried it on with the aid of legislation in nearly every civilized country for centuries, without admitting laborers to any share of the profits, or booty, whichever one pleases to call it." When Senator Hoar wrote Coxey that "5,000 or 10,000 men have no right to dictate to the other 65,000,000" in their demands for jobless relief, *The Nation* commented in a similar vein. "It is a pity," it said, "Senator Hoar did not find out sooner that he acted for a majority of the entire people, and not for 5,000 or 10,000 men. Since 1861 there have been twenty-two changes made in the tariff, all increases. Now nearly every one of these changes was made, not at the request of 65,000,000 people, but of small parties of men, sometimes solitary individuals."

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In 1911 *The Nation* applauded when Justice Hughes for the Supreme Court held an Alabama peonage law unconstitutional, and when President Taft refused to pardon a rich man sentenced to prison for violation of the law. "Fines are not effective against men of wealth," *The Nation* declared, "imprisonment is necessary." In 1913 it attacked "our blatant Navy League" as formed in the interest of "battleship builders, organizers of ship trusts, and producers of nickel steel," and in a long editorial called attention to the revelations being made by "Dr. Liebknecht" in Berlin as to the part played by munitions makers in fomenting international ill-will. That same year, when the government opened its attack on George W. Perkins and the Harvester trust, *The Nation* dealt scornfully with the defenses customarily put forward by the trusts. "Out of court," *The Nation* commented, "the trust advocates never tire of inveighing against the outworn, medieval theory of competition in contrast with the new and 'inevitable' law of combination. In court they usually argue that there is no such thing as monopoly, and that equality of opportunity in business flourishes under the stimulus of scientific cooperation; cooperation being that principle of business by which George W. Perkins, instead of competing with his rivals, works harmoniously with himself."

The one public figure the old *Nation* really admired was Grover Cleveland, though it did not hesitate to criticize him sharply in the Venezuela incident. It stood as he did for a low tariff, economy, and clean government. In respect to this last issue *The Nation* was a little more than merely "goo-goo." It saw farther than the civil-service reformers with whom it went forth to battle against crooked politicians. It was not enough to place good men in public office. It was also necessary to strike at the causes of corruption. "The remedy," *The Nation* said after the Credit Mobilier scandal, "is simple. The government must get out of the 'protective' business and the 'subsidy' business and the 'improvement' business and the 'development' business. It must let trade, and commerce, and manufactures, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs alone. It cannot touch them without breeding corruption."

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The Nation after the World War, though still an organ of middle-class intellectuals, came more and more to draw its strength from contact with and sympathy for the labor movement, and to seek a counterpoise to big business in social legislation and in the organization of farmer and worker instead of hoping for a return to laissez faire. The old *Nation* applauded the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists; the new fought for Sacco and Vanzetti. The old denounced Debs; the new, in 1920, urged its readers to vote for him or Christensen. The old *Nation* saw in social legislation a reversion to a medieval world of fixed prices and wages; the new *Nation* saw in it the beginnings of a new society.

But between the old *Nation* and the new there are also many bonds. One of the principal purposes for which *The Nation* was founded was to defend the interests of the newly freed Negro. It consistently opposed American imperialism and spoke in behalf of the Latin American and Filipino peoples we have from time to time oppressed and exploited. It never permitted loyalty to party or person to outweigh loyalty to truth. It always resisted jingoism and war. The yellowing pages, with their vigor, their learning, their wit, their irony, can still inspire as well as exasperate. Godkin and his associates hated cant, falsity, tyranny, buncombe. Godkin dedicated *The Nation* to the defense of "free inquiry and free endeavor." "Free endeavor," in the sense that Godkin understood it, is no longer *The Nation's* ideal; but "free inquiry" still is its language, in 1940 as in 1865.

Godkin Said—

If the devil himself were on trial, and it was found that the prosecutor was using his own weapons against him, the place of good and wise men would be on the devil's side. The devil is nothing in such a case, the maintenance of the principles against which he wars is everything. [*On Johnson's impeachment.*]

Well-informed and honorable men, knowing the difficulties of the work of government and fearing the consequences of error, hasten slowly and doubt intelligently at every step. They are, consequently, no match for bold and ready demagogues, unless they have public opinion behind them, like . . . "a strong wind blowing aft."

If there is one thing which experience is teaching modern nations more thoroughly than another, it is the comparative worthlessness of all political arrangements on paper, whether constitutions, treaties, or legislative acts.

The sin by which modern as well as ancient society has been most beset has been the sin of oppression, of indifference to human suffering. The political system of nearly every country in the civilized world, down to our day, has been based on the principle that the few ought to have power over the many, and ought to use it for their own benefit.

In these days, if the doors of the future are once thrown open to what are called "the masses," and they catch even one glimpse of the splendid possibilities which lie within it, it is in vain to close them again. The vision never leaves their minds.

When women vote we drop our aspirations. In that day how shall he run for the White House who wears overshoes and a bad hat and has the asthma slightly and carries an umbrella? Old stagers may then as well consider themselves razed from the book of honors, and look on photographs as a vain expense.

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War and the Election

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

IT HAS been said that the 1940 Presidential campaign will be fought on the battlefields of Europe and Asia. In the sense that the various wars abroad will have a controlling effect on the economy, the thinking, and the politics of the United States in the next nine months, this statement is correct. So right, in fact, that no one can predict with precision what the issues will be or who the candidates. Reading President Roosevelt's mind would provide some of the answers but not all of them. To foretell the outcome, one would have to know as well what Hitler and Stalin are planning.

If war breaks out next spring on the western front, if incendiary bombs lay waste large sections of London, if the Russians overrun Finland and proceed to the conquest of the Scandinavian countries, if the Japanese take advantage of Britain's preoccupation with home defense to attack Hongkong—if all this happens, then American voters will be reluctant to change horses in midstream, will be disposed to concentrate on national defense, and will be little concerned with domestic issues. The worse the world turmoil, the greater will be the demand for retention of the party, the policies, and the men who have kept this country free of it.

If, on the other hand, France and Great Britain should suddenly and unexpectedly make peace with the Nazis, if Russia should abandon its Finnish campaign and strike at Japan instead, if Japan under pressure should restore commercial privileges in China to Great Britain and the United States—if all these improbable events should take place, they would produce an entirely different set of circumstances in this country. The bottom would drop out of the new prosperity; there would be a quick revival of interest in domestic problems; there would be intense dissatisfaction with the party in power and a surge of sentiment for throwing the rascals out. Restoration of peace in Europe would be an unmitigated political calamity to the Roosevelt Administration.

Between these extremes of possibility, it is within the realm of reasonable speculation to assume that the wars of Europe and Asia will be intensified but not fought to any conclusion or otherwise terminated—except, perhaps, in Finland—before the Presidential election. Great Britain and France will continue to spend their cash in this country for airplanes, machinery, chemicals, and certain textiles, enlarging their orders as the rate of war destruction accelerates. Japan will continue to buy scrap iron and other necessary war materials in the United States while negotiations for a new commercial treaty proceed, with Secretary Hull using the advantage of Japanese uncertainty to drive some sort of bargain for protection of American interests in the Orient.

Assuming, then, that the war business gets better rather than worse through 1940, but not good enough to produce an inflationary boom, it is possible to draw in rough outline the economic background of the campaign. Steel will operate at or near capacity. Specialized war industries like airplanes will prosper spectacularly, carrying along automobiles and machinery. South America, cut off from German and to a certain extent British sources of supply, will buy a variety of United States manufactures. Prices, nevertheless, will remain fairly steady. With value of exports passing $350,000,000 a month at the start of the year, with unfilled airplane orders estimated at $700,000,000 in January and large plant expansion planned, the nation was already enjoying the first fruits of war economy as Presidential candidates started taking soundings of public opinion.

But there were soft spots. Europe was not buying American grain as it did in the early years of the World War. Farm prices were below parity and falling in relation to industrial prices. Almost 10,000,000 unemployed still walked the streets looking for work and finding none despite the increase in factory production, or subsisting on WPA wages, doles from local government, or the charity of friends and relatives. A WPA survey showed that only 12.7 per cent of the 775,000 reliefers dropped from federal rolls in July and August had found private employment by November; 28.4 per cent were on local relief; 26.7 had been taken back by the WPA; and the rest were drawing on meager savings or charity for support. Moreover, 77.2 per cent of those who had not regained their WPA jobs were earning less than they had previously received from the government in subsistence wages. Nowhere was their average higher than $14 a week, and in some cities it was less than $2.50. Unemployment was still the country's worst unsolved problem.

Yet the President, in his budget estimates for the fiscal year 1940-41 (beginning June 30, 1940), called for only $1,125,000,000 for relief, a reduction of more than $500,000,000 from the previous year and barely enough to carry an average case load of 1,350,000 as compared with the 2,000,000 on the rolls in January, when his recommendations were sent to Congress. Likewise, agricultural relief items were reduced to $900,000,000, some $400,000,000 less than the previous

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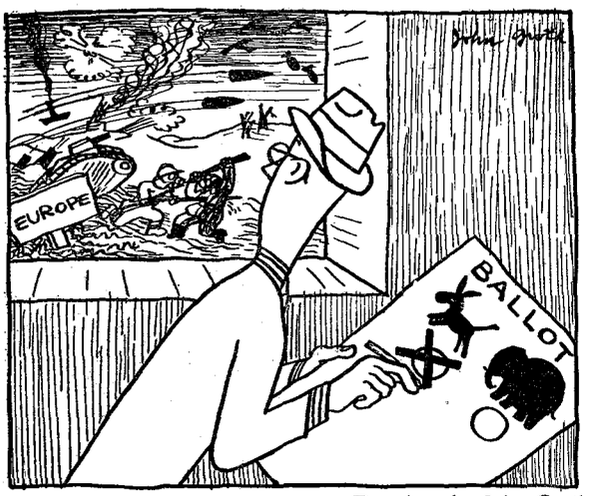
year's total. All this apparently was a concession to noisy demands from the conservatives for economy and a balanced budget and an attempt to avoid responsibility for an increase in the statutory debt limit of $45,000,000,000, which was approached to within a few millions even by the economy budget. But if the President expected Congress to kick over the budget traces, he was



Drawings by John Groth

If War—

disappointed. The House and Senate sliced another $225,000,000 off the first four appropriation bills considered, in an attempt to keep within the debt limit and justify themselves in ignoring the President's demand for increased taxation in an election year.

So unless the Congressional resistance to pressure for spending breaks down as the session progresses, the prosperity of 1940 will be a superficial prosperity from which thousands of workers displaced by machines and more thousands of small farmers and farm tenants will be excluded. As in the 1920's, however, their outcries may well be drowned by the happy cheers from the owners of industry and their employees. Then, too, there will be the question of responsibility. Should the urban unemployed and the dispossessed share-croppers blame President Roosevelt, who recommended the budget reductions, or the Congressmen who followed his course a logical step farther? In any event, what has always passed for prosperity will be with us.

For this prosperity the President will get most of the credit. His reputation as the friend of the humble citizen is well established, and he cannot lose it, whatever he does, in the next few months. By the same token, even prosperity will not earn him the friendship of the Union League Club. The big campaign contributors know him as the man who promised to scourge the money changers from the temple, who signed the Wagner Act, who pushed through laws establishing the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Wages and Hours Division of the Labor Department, the man who ran up the national debt beyond $40,000,000,000, and imposed "punitive and deterrent" taxes, the man who set up the TVA, interfered with holding companies, and otherwise discouraged private initiative. In 1938 these critics with these arguments won back part of the middle class that had supported Roosevelt in 1932 and again in 1936. The reaction is still running at the start of 1940.

Moreover, rumblings of thunder are beginning to be heard on the left. John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers have revolted against the economy program. Even the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, meeting in Miami, asked for another $800,000,000 for slum clearance, an item conspicuously missing from the budget, and for a public-health program going beyond the $10,000,000 experimental hospital-construction plan proposed by the President.

It now seems plain that the Democratic nominee, whether Roosevelt himself, seeking to break through the third-term superstition, or someone else, will have to stand or fall on the New Deal record and a New Deal platform. No candidate like Vice-President Garner, whom the President would not support, could carry a convention of Democratic politicians looking for a winner. Neither, perhaps, could such all-wool New Dealers as Attorney General Jackson and Supreme Court Justice Douglas. As a compromise between Garnerite and New Dealer, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana is enjoying a substantial boom, although it is a question whether the President would accept him. The Corcoran branch of the Administration is whooping it up for a third term with two obvious purposes: to keep the President available in the event European developments clearly require that he be drafted for continued service; and, failing that, to give him enough convention dele-

If Peace—

gates to exercise veto power over the ticket. Several large state delegations already have been lined up for Roosevelt despite the opposition of James A. Farley.

Among the Republicans, Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan seems to be the most probable nominee. He is an almost perfect Republican candidate. His record in the Senate is so confused that he could take up almost

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any position without appearing inconsistent. His personal pomposity is in the Harding tradition. He will fit nicely into the indicated Republican strategy of denouncing New Deal extravagance and promising to solve the country's domestic problems merely by giving business its head. Reasoning Republicans like Floor Leader Martin of the House realize that their candidate will have to adopt something very like the New Deal if he succeeds in reaching the White House. Vandenberg could probably make the necessary transition from economy speechmaker to spending Executive as well as any of his rivals, who, incidentally, are not doing so well on the road as was anticipated. Young Tom Dewey's performance as a delegate getter has been particularly disappointing to Republicans looking for a sure thing.

So far as domestic issues are concerned, neither the Republican nor the Democratic nominee will have much latitude for maneuvers. Both will try to take credit for prosperity, if it holds out, and here the Democrat will have the call. The Roosevelt candidate will try to capitalize the real achievements of the New Deal and the aura of the President's indorsement. The Republican, since he will have no chance of annexing the left-wing dissidents, probably will address himself to the middle brackets in public while reassuring the money bags in private.

It is in the field of foreign policy that the decisive battle will be fought. The President's policy of helping the Allies to the extent of his ability by measures short of war—more audacious measures than he has yet taken if public opinion seems willing to accept them—will be continued. The Hull reciprocal-trade policy will be stressed as a means of promoting world peace through freer trade intercourse. It is a policy which has the practical advantage of putting an ideological base under the war trade. While the Roosevelt candidate will scarcely be able to wage a he-kept-us-out-of-war campaign in view of the restraints Republican isolationists have placed upon the President, neither will he be vulnerable to the charge that he leads a war party. The President's cautious handling of the Finnish loan problem makes this apparent. The Republican nominee, particularly if he is Vandenberg, who opposed the Neutrality Act, will have to take up his position on the isolationist side of the Democrat. It is a side which is in the lee of the war trade winds, and its logical defender requires a domestic substitute for foreign orders—in other words, heavy government spending and economic planning. The Republican, therefore, will not bother to be logical.

The Left: End and Beginning

BY MAX LERNER

THERE can be little doubt that the left in America has come to the end of a long phase of its history. There are clamant voices all about us telling us so—confessions, repudiations, accusations. But even more convincing is the deep inner voice that tells us we must write finis to a chapter. But if there is an end, are there also beginnings for us? To answer that question other than wishfully, we must look backward to the past and with that perspective confront what may lie ahead.

There has always been an American left, under whatever name. It is an honorable record—that of the vanguard movements in the history of the democratic experience. There were the Committees of Correspondence during the Revolution, then the Jeffersonians, the Jacksonians, the early workingmen's parties, the Abolitionists before the Civil War and the Knights of Labor after it, the liberals and Mugwumps of the dreary decades, the Populists, the single-taxers, the muckrakers, the socialist and syndicalist labor forces of the turn of the century, the trust-busters, the Wilsonians and Progressives, the Marxists of the post-war decades, the technocrats, the New Dealers, the C. I. O.

It is a curious processional, so varied in the character of its individual elements that there is no one way to sum it up. The now familiar classification into reformist and revolutionary movements, which entered American thought with Marxism and especially after 1917 with Lenin's influence, no longer seems fruitful. On analysis there are very few of the movements I have cited that do not yield both revolutionary and reformist elements. My own impulse is toward a different division. Since left movements are always concerned with power and its transformation, why not separate the principal strains on the left in terms of their location of the sources of power and their analysis of how to grapple with the problems of power in a capitalist democracy?

The first strain that emerges is the agrarian. Its great leaders were Jefferson and Bryan, its theorists John Taylor and perhaps Henry Demarest Lloyd. Even before the Civil War it had already a slightly anachronistic flavor. It cut athwart the laws of technological change and ultimately fell a victim to the march of the machines. Jefferson's states' rights doctrine, his fear and hatred of cities, his distrust of mechanics and bankers alike have remained the heritage of populist and agrarian movements since. In its own day it was a rousing creed, and

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carried much of the burden of democratic advance. But it proved a poor weapon with which to confront the developed capitalism of the turn of the century. It was militant enough, and even revolutionary at times, with a sporadic sort of twenty-four-hour violence. But with its eyes turned nostalgically to an agrarian past it had more meaning as a way of life than as an anatomy of power. It could not produce an analysis of American corporate capitalism, of its laws of growth, its strength and weakness, and its persistent tenacity.

A second strain has been what, for want of a better name, I shall call a humanist liberalism. Its genesis was the post-Civil War period, although it had forerunners in the Concord school. Its prophet was Mill; its leaders were Godkin and Schurz. Its anatomy has been well dissected in I. F. Stone's article in this issue. Its outlook was urban rather than agrarian, and international rather than isolationist. Yet it too set its face against the march of industrialism—against the crude energies of both capitalists and workers. It expressed the point of view of the cultured, middle-class left. It accepted the capitalist economy but was indignant against capitalists. It accepted democracy but feared and distrusted the popular energies and was never able to stomach the imperative of a mass base in a democracy.

There has been a third strain much harder to isolate. It drew much of its strength from the agrarians, shared the libertarian views of the liberals, was affected by Marxism. Basically, however, it was the strain of democratic socialization. Among its leaders are some of the great names in American thought. In economics it had Veblen, in law Brandeis, in journalism Steffens and the muckrakers, in politics La Follette, in its humanist phase J. Allen Smith, Beard, Parrington, Bourne. What distinguished these men was that they accepted the sweep of industrialism but sought to tame it to the purposes of mass welfare and cultural freedom and richness. On the whole they were tough-minded and experimental even when they were wrong. They confronted squarely, with the best knowledge at their disposal, the dual problem of power involved in capitalism and democracy. They influenced and were influenced by the course of the trade-union movement, the cooperatives, the left phases of the T. R. and Wilson administrations. The analysis of corporate capitalism in Berle and Means derives from them; the basic governmental investigations of capitalist power from the Pujo committee to the La Follette committee are linked with them; the TNEC is the product of their attitude; the techniques of economic control and planning owe much to them; the left New Dealers work in their spirit. They are, for all their weaknesses and lack of precise outlines, more squarely in the main line of the American left than is any other tradition.

It remains to speak of the Marxist tradition. With the exception of Debs and Reed, and perhaps De Leon and Upton Sinclair, this has produced no one in America even approximating first-rate stature. Yet it would be an error to underestimate its effect on American life and thought since the World War. It gave us a new emphasis on labor organization and new insight into labor's social role. It deepened our awareness of the democratic mass. It gave a more disciplined militancy to social action and taught us to think in terms of economic and political power. It taught us to see American life in the context of movements and forces world-wide in scope. Above all, it made us aware of society and social thought not in their fragments but as an individual whole—linking analysis and action, our perception of the past and our projection of the future.

It is important for us, particularly in the current revulsion against Marxism, to grasp these affirmative achievements. Nothing could be more dangerous than to equate the communist parties or Soviet international politics with the whole of the Marxian outlook. And nothing could be more foolish than the present tendency to view the recent influence of Marxism as merely a vast conspiracy, whether Stalinist, Trotskyist, or Leninist. A whole American generation cannot be summed up as the dupes of a clique in Moscow. The fact is that the Marxian influence was genuinely evocative. The revolutionary image and the image of men's control over their social destinies released energies in literature and art as in social action. Many were touched by it who never became Marxist in their thinking and never joined any of the Marxian parties or splinter groups.

But this phase of the American left had the defects of its qualities. Its intellectual rigor easily became rigidity. It produced a peculiar type of provincialism in thought which sought to measure the torrential flow of American life by the yardsticks of the Marxian books. It brought with it a concentration on the Soviet Union, whether by its apologists or its attackers, which allowed the reactionaries wide scope to stake out an exclusive claim to "Americanism." It gave the middle class a fear symbol and the fascist groups a hate symbol. It produced a bitter factionalism, always inherent in out-of-power left groups of absolutist tendencies in thought, but in this case intensified by the cross-fire of Russian and American sects and problems. And it led to an accent on faith which ultimately, in the context of the Soviet state structure and such maneuvers of international politics as the Nazi pact and the invasion of Finland, could result only in a drastic disillusionment.

We are now reaping the harvest of our sowing of provincialism, factionalism, hatred. And since what we sowed was the wind of doctrine, the harvest is the whirlwind of confusion and hysteria. If it has turned some to the sadism of a comprehensive red-baiting, it has turned others to the masochism of public confession. But the long-run importance of either of these trends is slight

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compared with a more characteristic trend—the sense of aloneness that has come to hundreds of thousands of progressives scattered over the country, young and old, in every walk of life, the terrifying sense of being left intellectually rootless, emotionally homeless.

And why should they not feel it? We have come to the end of a stage in our development, just as often happens in the growth of any creative person. It is futile to imagine that a culture or a movement does not have its biography, like an individual. The psychic crises, dead ends, transformations are as real in the one as in the other. The spate of repudiations and confessions are part of that crisis: they are heightened symbols of the inner revaluations that each of us must exact from himself because of what has happened in the world. It is no longer possible to go on as if nothing had happened.

Yet it is all too easy to take a catastrophic view. Individuals survive their psychic crises and grow because of them. Why should not groups and movements? One thing may be said: the air has been cleared of a good deal of cant and dream stuff. We can build more honestly and more realistically than ever before in our generation. If we cannot forget our rancors and find a common basis for comparing ideas and joining in action, then the suicide urge is stronger in us than I think it is.

There are definite things we can learn from the whole course of our experience. Have we learned them? And can we adopt them as first principles in a reorientation of the American forces of the left? *Item:* that the obsession with Moscow, for or against, had better be abandoned. There can be no commitments that reach outside the boundaries of American life and obscure the impact of issues on our culture. *Item:* that the only possible focus for an American left is America. This does not mean seceding from the world or abdicating our judgment as observers of world events, but it does mean that we should think and act in the American grain. *Item:* that with all our disagreements, our continuing quest will be for some structure of industrial control and socialization that will provide full employment, the maximum national income, and economic democracy. *Item:* that Americans are in a better position than any other nation to achieve this without impairing the civil-liberties tradition and without sacrificing democratic controls. *Item:* that the meaning of economics and politics alike lies in the extension of the possibilities of human dignity for an ever-widening number of people.

On so much there can be agreement. Beyond that lie personal perspectives. My own preference is to follow the tradition of what I have called democratic socialization. The main lines of analysis as laid down in Veblen and Parrington and Bourne still offer tentatively a good starting-point for our own.

I say "tentatively" because the left must reject absolutes and be ready to reexamine its basic postulates. We must reconsider the values we attach to freedom, democracy, humanism. We must reexamine Marxism in the light not only of what has happened in the world of events but also of what has happened in the world of social thought. There are new insights and perspectives in anthropology, psychology, political theory, law, economics, the logic of language, and scientific method. No movement that seeks to subject the social energies to discipline and plan can afford to remain provincial in the sciences of society any more than it can afford to neglect the possibilities of technology.

But while we must use the utmost resources of rational analysis we must not repeat our past errors in assuming in men a greater rationality than they possess. The concepts and stereotypes on the left have too long clung to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century belief in an ordered universe where men have only to discover the principles of order and then call upon their fellows to enact them. The course of events has had no tenderness for this fiction, nor can we afford to perpetuate it. Our efforts toward the reconstruction of the societies in which men live will have to take account of the whole person and not just half of him; of the fact that he is governed by passions, fears, and myths as well as by interests and ideals.

This will be a difficult insight for us to assimilate. We shall have to learn again things toward which the left has always adopted a lofty attitude—the imperatives of national cohesion and national survival about which Machiavelli wrote long ago in his "Discourses." We shall have to learn to work within the framework of men's minds as we find them until we can extend their possibilities. But who is there among us that asks for or expects an easy task? Our hurdles will seem insuperable: to understand the mechanisms by which economies run while we are faced at the same time with the job of transforming them; to study the uses and limitations of power at the same time that we are getting ready for its responsibilities; to learn how the necessary power can be focused on our problems at the same time that we are decentralizing its administration; to resolve the paradox that while we must be single-minded in the pursuit of our objectives and enlist behind them belief and energy, every working system must be pluralistic and allow plenty of latitude at the joints.

It may be true, as I have heard again and again, that these paradoxes can never be resolved, and that in the present world a democratic militancy will never succeed. But the American nation has faced in other periods contradictions that loomed just as formidable at the time. We have the resources of a great people and a great heritage. If direction for the energies of the common people does not come from the left, it will mean the crushing of what America has stood for in world history.

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Beyond the New Deal

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE economic system under which the Western world made astonishing material progress during the nineteenth century is today deathly sick. In this country its most dangerous symptom is unemployment, which, despite contractions and expansions, remains year after year a persistent, malign growth on the body politic. Because of this sickness we are haunted by a fear that our economy is beyond the help of medicine and that, sooner or later, we may be compelled to turn to the bloody surgery from which Europe is suffering—a surgery which, if it succeeds in effecting a cure at all, must inevitably lead to the paralysis of liberty. The problem, then, of men of good-will today is to discover a remedy for unemployment without wrecking democracy; to reconstruct our economic system so that it will provide bread and freedom for all.

I happen to be one of those who believe that, had it not been for the measures taken by the New Deal, our present plight would be infinitely worse. But the fact that unemployment is still an intractable problem makes possible the argument that the New Deal has failed. A few people would say that it has done so because it was a misconceived effort from the start; many more, that it followed the right lines but went too far and bungled the job. Both views suggest that the New Deal was a plan that sprang full-fledged from the head of Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers. The truth is, rather, that it began as an *ad hoc* response to a critical situation. It never was, as some of its enemies insist, a thought-out plot to undermine capitalism. On the contrary, its whole purpose seems to have been to save capitalism from its own excesses and to set it on its feet.

Accepting this as a legitimate objective, it is my own opinion that the measures taken in the last seven years have been generally in the right direction but have not gone nearly far enough. In particular, the New Deal seems to have suffered, not from a superfluity of planning, but from the lack of a well-rounded plan, and so has developed as a series of insufficiently coordinated efforts to remedy specific situations. Nevertheless, the Roosevelt Administration has prepared the ground for "the Next Deal," and some analysis of its achievements is an essential preliminary to any discussion of a broader program. To facilitate a rapid summary of a very large subject, I propose to group the main activities of the New Deal under four heads: rescue work, police work, social work, and economic planning.

Of the first phase, which includes the rescue and rehabilitation of the banking system, the assistance given to railroads and industry by the RFC, the subsidies to shipping and shipbuilding, and part of the farm program, there is not a great deal to be said except this: in no way can these measures be described as hostile to private enterprise. True, they violated the canons of laissez faire, to which business is apt to appeal when the government intervenes to help the other fellow, but had Mr. Roosevelt allowed liquidation to proceed to the bitter end in 1933 it is doubtful whether private enterprise would have survived at all. It was a perfect opportunity to hoist the capitalist system with its own petard, and yet he stamped out the burning fuse.

Nor can the New Deal's police work be regarded as hostile to private enterprise, however bitter private enterprisers, on whose collars a heavy hand has fallen, may feel. Thomas Carlyle once described the competitive economic system as "anarchy plus a constable." Throughout our history the anarchy has been obvious, but the cops have all too often proved themselves everything that guardians of the public interest should not be. They have been weak, corrupt, inefficient, and shortsighted. Instead of arresting looters of the public domain, they unlocked the gates and helped them remove the swag. They crippled the competitive system by granting high tariffs to bar consumers from cheap goods; they gave franchises and created monopolies to exploit the people in return for bribes; they winked at the operations of financial thimble-riggers. Naturally the idea grew that business ethics was what you could get away with. But when the anarchic splendors of the twenties were over, business men awoke with sad hangovers to find the moral climate changed overnight and a different kind of cop on the beat. No wonder that they felt bewildered, misunderstood, and resentful.

Nevertheless, the policing of the security and commodity exchanges by the SEC and the CEA, the regulation of industries particularly affected with a public interest, and the increased zeal of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice are something more than contributions to social morality. These activities are also designed to increase the efficiency of markets, without which robust private enterprise is impossible. The best theoretical defense of private enterprise is that under it the algebra of prices makes possible an objective equation between production and consumption. Thus the consumer can become the final arbiter of what goods shall be produced and in what quantities. But this price mech-

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anism cannot operate effectively unless goods and services are bought and sold in tolerably free markets. Of course the perfect market has never existed outside the pages of the economic textbooks. Economic machinery, like physical machinery, cannot operate without friction, but when friction increases to the point where the bearings begin to burn, it is time for the repair squad to take a hand. No one who analyzes the business situation in this country can avoid the conclusion that one of its chief weaknesses is a severe decline in the efficiency of markets. Who or what is responsible is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt that the constant effort of private enterprise to escape from the open seas of competition to the sheltered waters of monopoly is one of the most important contributing factors.

Walter Lippmann, whose books, unfortunately, appear to receive less attention in Wall Street than his newspaper writings, has set forth in "The Good Society" an "agenda of liberalism" describing the reforms necessary if the freedom of the market is to be preserved. It is an ambitious program, far too long even to summarize here, but it includes such things as the conservation of land and other natural resources, the ending of legal privileges which make possible intrenched monopolies and the creation of industrial empires, the correction of maldistribution of wealth by the drastic taxation of unearned increments, the use of part of the increased wealth produced by technological progress to indemnify its victims, and a program of public investment designed to improve and develop health, education, and natural resources. If a writer devoted to the perpetuation of private enterprise considers that reforms of this character are essential, the efforts of the New Deal to secure free and honest markets can hardly be described as revolutionary. Whether Mr. Lippmann's program is practicable without resorting to other measures which he abhors because of their "collectivist" nature will be discussed later.

Meanwhile, we have to consider the third group of New Deal activities—those coming under the head of social work. Outstanding examples are the social-security acts, the provision of work in place of doles to the able-bodied unemployed through WPA and other agencies, the creation of minimum labor standards through the Wage-Hour Act, and the effort to protect the unionization of workers. Few people care to attack these measures in principle however critical they may be of their details and their administration. They do, of course, constitute an interference by the government in the workings of the labor market, but it may well be argued that such interference makes for efficiency. For they tend to reduce the evil of the necessitous bargaining which is destructive of free markets. As Mr. Lippmann says, "A liberal state cannot be neutral as between those who have too little bargaining power and those who have too much power."

We now come to the fourth phase of the New Deal—its economic planning. Under this head I include not only its schemes to secure conservation of resources but its efforts to utilize such resources, as in the TVA and Bonneville projects, and its attempts to compensate for the lag in private investment by programs of public investment. These are the activities which really excite the fears of those who assert that if collectivism and capitalism go to bed together, the latter will surely be smothered. Only in respect of electric power, however, has there in fact been any serious trespass on the preserves of private industry, and even there the corner staked out for the public is but a small fraction of the whole field.

Actually, there is nothing very new in state economic enterprises, although American experience of them has been slighter than that of many other countries, such as Britain, the Scandinavian states, and Australia, where the vigor of private enterprise is unimpaired. We have, however, one example which people so take for granted that it would never occur to them as an instance of collectivism—our highway system. Early in the history of the United States the building and maintenance of roads was regarded as a proper sphere for private enterprise and was carried on by turnpike companies which sought a profit from tolls. These companies seldom proved very successful and were almost all ruined by the advent of the railroads. Had the automobile instead of the locomotive been invented in the early nineteenth century, they would have been in possession of a valuable monopoly and would certainly have fought bitterly to retain it. Yet it is hardly open to doubt that a general toll-road system would have done much to check the growth of the automobile. Nor, I fancy, are there many hardy individualists today who would claim that public money ought not to be invested in the highways, even though their development has obviously been detrimental to the railroads. Certainly no shareholder in General Motors would argue that this form of public enterprise is destructive of private profit.

The supply of power is as basic to the general welfare and prosperity as the supply of roads, and, like the road industry, the power industry is one to which the competitive system cannot be applied. Hence the prices charged for current are determined by planning rather than by normal market processes, and this is just as true when the supplier is Consolidated Edison as when it is TVA. Of course, private utilities are publicly regulated and their charges limited, but such questions as the wisdom of attempting to enlarge the market by reducing rates remain a matter of managerial policy. There can be no doubt that the advent of the TVA and other government projects, together with the encouragement of municipal and cooperative ventures, has been an influence in persuading private companies to experiment with cheaper rates. In many cases, it would seem, they have been agreeably disappointed by results. On the other hand, it

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is claimed that government encroachment on the industry has checked new investment and expansion. That is difficult to prove or disprove because certainly many other factors have contributed to stunting the growth of the industry, not least its tangled financial situation due to the mushroom growth and the collapse of the holding-company system.

My own belief is that in its power policy the New Deal needs to go much farther. Until private monopoly in this field is wholly replaced by public ownership, the cost of electric current, which is basic both to the comfort of the modern home and the efficiency of modern industry, will not be brought down to bed rock. This does not mean that we need one gigantic power department at Washington. It means rather a system of state and municipal enterprises linked and coordinated by interstate regional authorities on the lines of TVA. In the production of power a notable fraction of cost is accounted for by interest on capital. The mere fact that public authorities can borrow more cheaply on the average than private corporations would itself make possible appreciable economies to be passed on to the consumers. Power has again and again proved itself a "commodity" sensitive to price changes. Reduced charges invariably lead to greater use, which in turn lowers overhead and brings costs down still farther.

Cheaper and more widely distributed power could not fail to stimulate industry and agriculture alike. It would improve the market for a host of ancillary industries manufacturing electrical equipment. It would probably promote industrial decentralization and would almost certainly assist in the revival of small business. It would make possible the development of electro-technical processes at present held back by the cost of the huge quantities of current required. In short, the end result of the elimination of private enterprise in one field would be a tremendous fillip to it elsewhere.

There are a number of other situations in our economy where competitive efficiency cannot be created or restored even by use of the drastic police powers which Mr. Lippmann advocates. Space forbids more than a brief catalogue. Outstanding are the railroads, organized on a monopoly basis which has been undermined by the development of competing methods of transport. They are a Humpty-Dumpty which all the efforts of the ICC, the RFC, and the bankruptcy courts cannot put together again as private enterprises. The oil industry contrives to combine the worst features of both monopoly and com-

Howard Cook

The Nation, May 6, 1936

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petition, and efforts to prevent, by regulation, its waste of one of our most valuable resources appear doomed to failure. Here again some form of public ownership seems essential to bring about the efficient production of a commodity the costs of which enter into the budgets of almost every family and every business. Other leading minerals, including copper, iron ore, and sulphur, are controlled by monopolies or semi-monopolies which cannot be forced on to a competitive basis—though tariff revision would be helpful—and ought to be deprived by socialization of their power to levy tribute on the rest of the economic system.

The plans suggested in this article are based on a belief that the people of America are still fundamentally individualists. They do not want to abolish private enterprise, but they do want to slenderize it. If certain basic services and commodities can be removed from the domain of private monopoly and made available at lower cost, a positive increase in purchasing power will result. This in turn will make possible an increased demand for the products of the immense range of industries which will continue to operate as private enterprises, and thus provide an enlarged scope for the employment of both capital and labor. In this field competition should be encouraged and everything possible done to insure that the consumer's pivotal position in balancing supply and demand is maintained.

The socialization of definite segments of industry should prove an important factor in removing the disparity between savings and investment which nearly all economists regard as a large element in the present depression. The elimination of monopoly profits would cut off one large stream feeding the pool of stagnant capital. Still more important would be the creation of a field for productive government investments. It would be necessary, of course, to institute a separate budget for government business enterprises in which assets and liabilities would balance. Such enterprises should be expected to meet all charges, including interest and payments equivalent to taxation, out of trading profits, but any further profits should be used for reserves and for reducing prices. The existence of a federal investment budget would be an important weapon in controlling cyclical trade movements. When private industry was booming and the demand for capital brisk, the government could restrict its capital program to a minimum; when private investment languished, it could step up its own expansion programs. These tactics would be facilitated by the fact that the enterprises in which it was engaged would, in the main, be those requiring long-range planning.

We now have, in very brief outline, the kind of program which a progressive party, building on the foundations laid by the New Deal, might adopt. It is a program to be carried out by democratic methods and one that would not involve scrapping the Constitution, though no doubt amendments would be necessary. It would not mean confiscation of property, for the owners of all property taken over would be paid. But it would mean that a very small group of men would be deprived of the concentrated economic power which now lies in their hands. Would our democracy function any the worse for that?

The Art of the Good Neighbor

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THERE are phrases which can be pronounced only in quotation marks. "Cultural relations" is one of them. Cultural relations are not something you have: they are something you read about having. Generally they are something you read about having with considerable reluctance. The average citizen may be willing to put up with the man who writes about United States cultural relations with Latin America meaning United Fruit. He is not likely to put up with the man who writes about United States cultural relations with Latin America meaning precisely what he says. History is against it. History is the context in which language is understood, and history in this case is unobliging: it calls back the bonds of Minas Geraes, the capitalization of Cosach, and the marines at Vera Cruz. It makes the phrase sound awkward.

And nevertheless the awkward phrase is honest. It stands for serious things. It stands for the realization of informed persons that the present struggle of the propagandas in Latin America is a struggle for something more than markets. In that division of the Department of State where Ben Cherrington and Charles Thomson labor ably for the light, it stands for the realization of a particularly perceptive Under Secretary and a particularly imaginative Assistant Secretary that the German press and radio attacks on the United States in Latin America are not attacks for economic ends alone.

There was a time when the professional understanders understood that the great division which splits the world was a division between those who Had on the one side and those who Had Not on the other. Those who Had Not wanted the wealth and the markets and the raw

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materials and the colonies of those who Had. It was as simple as that. Nothing was at stake in the great unexploited market areas or the great undeveloped raw-material areas but goods and things. Those who interpreted Latin American affairs by this simple light interpreted them in these simple terms. If the Germans disparaged American culture on the short wave or by word of mouth or by special articles in the Valparaiso press, they were doing it for economic reasons only. If inspired publications discovered that the civilization of the North Americans was debased, was materialistic, was Bigbusiness, was vulgar, was artless, was crass, had produced no poets, had bred no painters, had trained no scholars, all this was no more than a diversion, a flank movement in the great war for trade. The Germans, lacking the credits to fight the Americans on the loading quays and in the grain elevators and at the banks, were undermining them at the dinner tables of the haciendas and the estancias and the high shiny apartment houses over the River Plate.

That simplification of history however, like all such simplifications of the ancient record, was less than wholly satisfying to imaginative minds. Events in distant parts of the earth suggested that the great division on the basis of the verb to have was not necessarily the true division of our time. Events in distant parts suggested that the purposes of those who bombed the Spanish towns and shot the Czechoslovak students were not economic purposes alone but purposes of a more ambitious character. What was under attack was not merely the present title to the riches of the world. What was under attack was the entire moral and intellectual and artistic order which, by accident or otherwise, was associated with that title.

Which meant, first, that the flank attack on the culture of the North Atlantic democracies in Latin America was perhaps not a flank attack at all but the principal engagement. And which meant, second, that those who had regarded the struggle with indifference so long as it seemed to be a struggle between the fat and the lean for the cut of the meat, could no longer regard it with indifference. Men in the United States who cared not at all whether Germany rather than Great Britain exploited the people of India, cared a great deal whether the civilization based upon free inquiry and free imagination which had developed in Western Europe and across the Atlantic over several centuries survived or perished. A change which put the Germans in Tanganyika was one thing. A change which burned the books of Thomas Mann in America also, and disciplined the composition of Szostakowicz here as well as in the Moscow theaters, and murdered Garcia Lorca not only in Granada but in New York, and organized the natural sciences on the party line not only in Siberia but in the Western Hemisphere as well, would be another.

It is to this altered understanding of the nature of the struggle that the awkward phrase relates. The movement to promote cultural relations between this country and Latin America is not at all the hypocritical and missionary movement which history would suggest. It is the precise opposite of a missionary movement. It does not aim to bestow upon a backward people below the Rio Grande the rich gifts of our superior culture. It aims instead to defend our culture against attack in the area where our culture is most in danger. To that end it labors to persuade the artists and intellectuals of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking nations of the American continents that a North American culture exists, that it is a culture worthy of admiration, and that the substitution of a different cultural influence in the Americas might be the substitution of a worse.

In Chile and Brazil and Argentina and Colombia as in few other parts of the world nations are judged by their cultural achievements. And in Chile and Brazil and Argentina and Colombia judgments of cultural achievement are determined to an unusual degree by the opinions of the competent intellectuals. When we attempt to persuade the Latin American nations that the achievements of our culture are admirable we are not attempting to persuade a million magazine readers or ten million radio listeners or the sampled public of a "scientific" poll. We are not, in other words, attempting to persuade the people as the people are occasionally persuaded at home by magazine publishers or advertising agencies with a love of art. We are attempting to persuade a small and sophisticated and discriminating jury of critics and artists and professional scholars: a specific group of known and distinguishable people—the eminent critic of modern verse in Buenos Aires pacing the long room over the earthen river—the authority on modern music in the garden of enormous trees under the mountains of Santiago—the lady in the chair at Miraflores, the words dissolving in the dissolving light, the fame hanging there.

To attempt to persuade a jury such as this, not by facts but by works, not by propaganda but by the submission of the documents—the books, the poetry, the music, and the painting—is neither hypocritical nor self-righteous. It is, on the contrary, an exceedingly frank and forthright undertaking. It is also an undertaking as difficult as it may be dangerous.

The difficulty is obvious enough. The jury to which, with a sudden gesture of respect, we now prepare to submit the products of our culture is a jury already prejudiced against them. Long before the Nazis began their unflattering descriptions of our writers and painters and architects and actors and scientists and men of learning, the intellectuals of Latin America had concluded that our writers and our men of learning were men of small account. There was every reason why they should. We had ourselves gone to considerable lengths to persuade

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them that our culture was the culture of the Grace Line, the National City Bank, the Hearst comics, the Hollywood heart-throb, and an occasional best-seller. And there were no ready means by which they could correct that impression for themselves.

In terms of cultural, as distinguished from physical, geography, Latin America is a foreshore of Western Europe and particularly of the city of Paris. A Chilean critic knows North American writers as they are known in Paris—or rather as they are known in those Parisian porches which open upon the Spanish-speaking world. He knows American music not at all. And if he sees American painting, he sees it only in the colored reproductions of the magazines. All he can say of American arts and letters is that his friends in the American colonies in Santiago and Buenos Aires do not speak of them, that the notes in his Paris and Madrid reviews ignore them, and that he has never seen them for himself. A few men of exceptional intellectual curiosity, like Mallea of *La Nación,* may read widely among North American novelists and poets, but they are the exceptions, as their counterparts would be exceptions here.

It is this quite natural prejudice of the jury to which we have appealed which creates the difficulty of the undertaking. Excellence exists, and if we will offer it with tact and taste we will persuade even a jury prejudiced as this. But mediocrity and vulgarity also exist and in superior quantities with superior influence and more numerous friends. If those who have made themselves responsible for the furtherance of this enterprise permit —and it will be difficult not to permit—our "cultural relations with Latin America" to become the property of trading corporations with advertising programs to put over, or of self-appointed groups of culturists with careers to make, or creeds to propagate, or fads to follow; or if those who have initiated this undertaking lose interest in it and fail to push it through, letting the Latin American audience they have prepared wait with a growing boredom for cultural revelations which fail to come, the prejudice will soon become a final, ineradicable, and articulate conviction.

The difficulty then is plain. And the danger follows. Whether we intended to do so or not, we have now undertaken, and undertaken through official agencies, to present to the people of Latin America convincing proofs of the creativeness and vitality of our culture. To fail would be disastrous. And yet no one, I think, considering the facts, can fail to conclude that these commitments have been given without adequate assurances beforehand of the cooperation of those whose cooperation is essential—the handful of true artists and true scholars who alone can enable us to perform these promises; without proper guaranties against the interference of the mediocrities and vulgarians—the fashionable favorites, the smart names, the false bosoms—whose interference would make our promises ridiculous; and without a realistic count of the cost of failure.

Briefly and specifically, the initiators and promoters of this program have put not only themselves, and not only the artists of this country, but the country itself in a position of considerable danger from which the only possible retreat is forward. If the cultural relations of peoples were what our uncles and grandfathers thought them—diversions, decorations, and irrelevancies—failure in this present undertaking would be mildly shameful and no more. But in a divided world in which the real issue of division is the cultural issue, cultural relations are not irrelevancies. They are everything. And in such a world a cultural defeat is a defeat on the one front on which defeat cannot be accepted.

Simplifications are suspect in our time, but there is one simplification which may surely be advanced. Unless the civilization which rests upon free institutions and personal liberty can justify itself *by its works* in those areas in which it is pressed by a competing order, it will not justify itself by other means. We shall do well to recognize that fact, to realize that we have committed ourselves to a hazardous and costly venture, and to attempt now, before it is too late, to make good on our commitments.

Memory

BY CARL SANDBURG

Memory is when you look back
And the answers float in
to who? what? when? where?

The members who were there then
are repeated on a screen
are recalled on a scroll
are moved in a miniature drama,
are collected and recollected
for actions, speeches, silences,
set forth by images of the mind
and made in a mingling mist
to do again and to do over
precisely what they did do once—
this is memory—
sometimes slurred and blurred—
this is remembering—
sometimes wrecking the images
and proceeding again to reconstruct
what happened and how,
the many little involved answers
to who? what? when? where?
and more involved than any
How? how?

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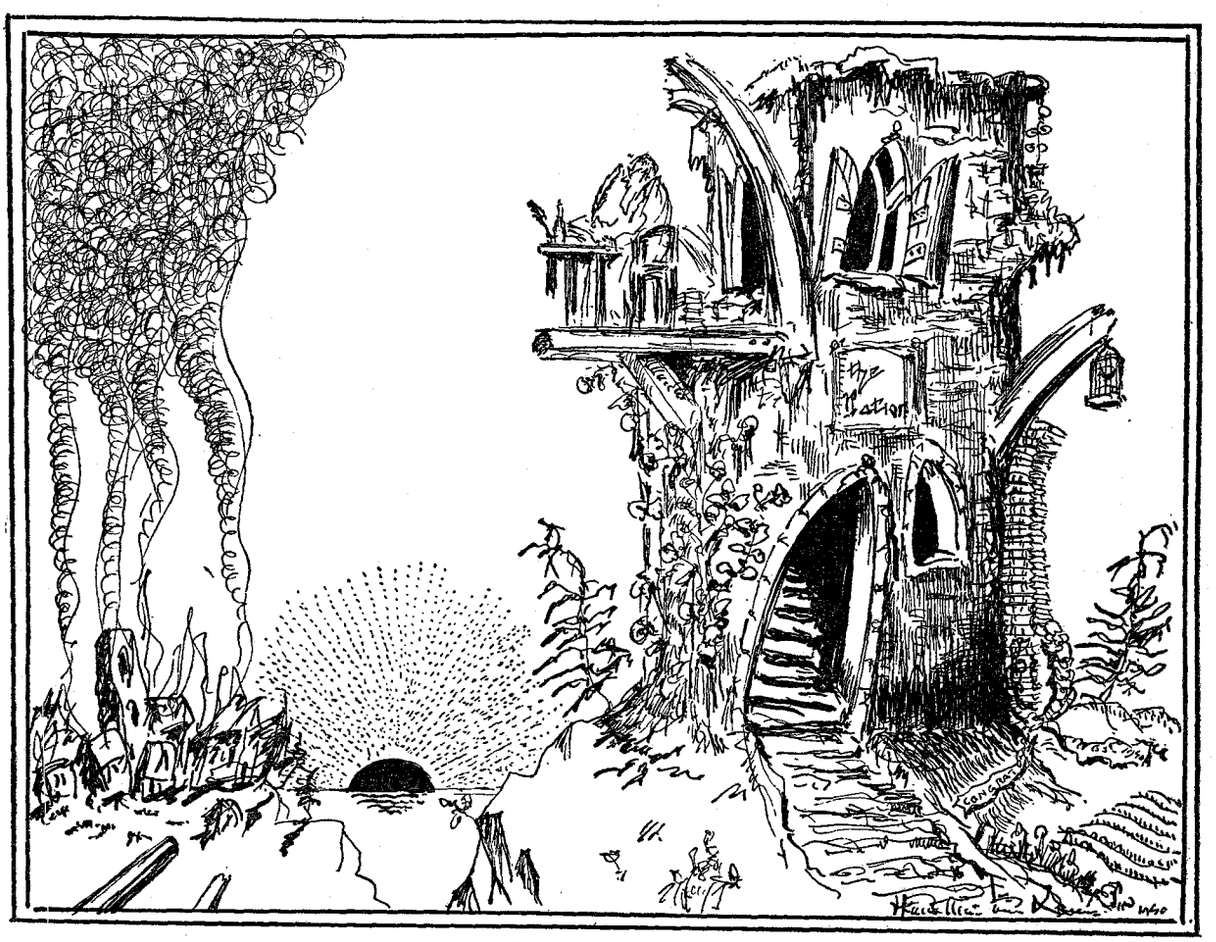
Fear Is the Enemy

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

WHEN fear enters into the hearts of people they are apt to be moved to hasty action. Here in this country today we find people who have never sufficiently cherished their democracy to understand fully their obligation as citizens; yet now they are taking fright because ideas which have obtained a hold in other countries have crossed the water and are appearing in certain groups in the United States. These ideas can only appeal to those who do not really understand what democracy means, or who for one reason or another have had their faith shaken in the efficiency of democracy.

We who believe in democracy should not be so much concerned with stamping out the activities of these few groups or individuals as with developing among the people in this country a greater sense of personal responsibility toward a democratic way of life. It is our job to know what democracy means, and to try to attain real democracy. We do not move forward by curtailing people's liberty because we are afraid of what they may do or say. We move forward by assuring to all people protection in the basic liberties under a democratic form of government, and then making sure that our government serves the real needs of the people.

In a recent article by Dr. Eduard Lindeman I read his definition of democracy and it ran something like this—democracy is the acceptance by the people of the belief that the greatest possible benefits shall be shared by all the people. In other words, our government, our basic liberties, our way of life must be constantly looking toward an ideal whereby the mass of the people shall be benefited. Let us beware of unreasoning fear which will make us curtail these liberties and prevent a free expression of new ideas. Where the majority rules, there is little danger of moving too fast. When the power becomes concentrated in the hands of a few, there is great danger that the majority will not be able to move at all.



Integer Vitae

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Two Visions of Peace

BY THOMAS MANN

IT IS generally agreed, *consentio omnium,* that in Europe the old order cannot persist unaltered. The statesmen of the democracies, especially British statesmen, have evinced a complete realization of the necessity and inevitability of profound changes in the political and economic structure of our world. It is not only the dictators who are "dynamic." But when it comes to considering what form this future world is to take, aims and concepts are separated by a gap so wide and deep that clearly war alone could arbitrate between them. The two ideas of change at issue in this war are a European Confederation or supreme domination by a gigantic absolute state.

It should be pointed out that in announcing their decision not to make peace with the present German government the great democracies have taken a more important step than might appear at first glance. Actually it entails the epoch-making renunciation of a principle to which Europe with fateful conservatism has long held fast, although it has been obvious that it was outworn and doomed to perish—the principle of non-intervention, whose underlying concept is the absolute sovereignty of nations. The principle of non-intervention is based on an idea of democracy and freedom which no longer meets the social demands of our time. Democracy is a legal relationship between liberty and equality, between the claims of the individual and of society, a relationship which is labile and must be constantly reconstituted; and today everyone free to think for himself feels that in the union of liberty and equality the weight has shifted toward the side of equality and economic justice—from the individual, therefore, toward the social. Today social democracy is on the agenda; only as liberty which has matured to include social values, while preserving individual values by voluntary concessions to equality, only in this spiritual form, can democracy survive—within countries and between them.

For the inner life of a people is in exact, though often unrecognized, accordance with its behavior within the community of nations, and it is an error to believe that what goes on in any one country—for example, all that has happened in Germany since the year 1933—need concern nobody but its own people. In the future, relations between peoples must be controlled by a new concept of liberty as individualism subject to social bonds and limitations. Only through the victory of this idea, the idea of a democracy which transcends the national, can Europe win happiness, peace, and order in place of anarchy, which leads, again and again, to bloody wars and is the death of civilization. Anarchy is individualism without social limitations, and insistence on the limitless sovereignty of nations is anarchy which imperils the very existence of Europe. It must disappear. The egotism of nations must make sacrifices which imply the break-up of the idea of national sovereignty, yes, of the national idea itself. The goal of this war, and its fruits, must be a peace which is at last worthy of the name; a peace which no longer serves as a shield for atavistic "history-making" mummery but is the firm foundation of a community of free peoples who are yet responsible to one another under a commonly binding moral law.

One side in the struggle takes these thoughts as the basis of its conception of the future. Brief hints of them, expressed without utopian extravagance but not to be misunderstood, are found in the assertions of British statesmen before and since the outbreak of the war. "We shall use all our influence when the time comes," said Lord Halifax in his radio address at the beginning of November, 1939, "in the building of a new world . . . on a basis of *human equality, self-respect,* and mutual tolerance. We shall have to think out again many things that lie at the root of international contacts—social, political, *economic*—and find means of reconciling the *necessity of change in a constantly changing world* with security against the disturbance of the general peace through resort to violence. To this order that we shall create *all nations will have their contribution to make,* and a great responsibility both in thought and action will rest upon our people. *We, not less than others,* have *our lesson to learn* from past failures and disappointments."

Here I have stressed not only what is significant but also what is appealing. It is both appealing and significant when the British Foreign Secretary explains that England not less than others has its lesson to learn. This does not indicate self-righteousness or any intention of seeking the role of schoolmaster, even in a moral sense, in Europe, but rather the realization that "in a constantly changing world" the democracies too must change, must be ready to embrace the new necessities of the time. When one considers the directions in which, according to the speaker, this readiness to change extends—"social, political, economic"—one may well call it a dynamic program of progress. If the new world is to be built, the world to which "all nations will have their contribution to make," everything depends not only on Germany's emerging from this war a different country, but on its opponents, too, being no longer what they were; and

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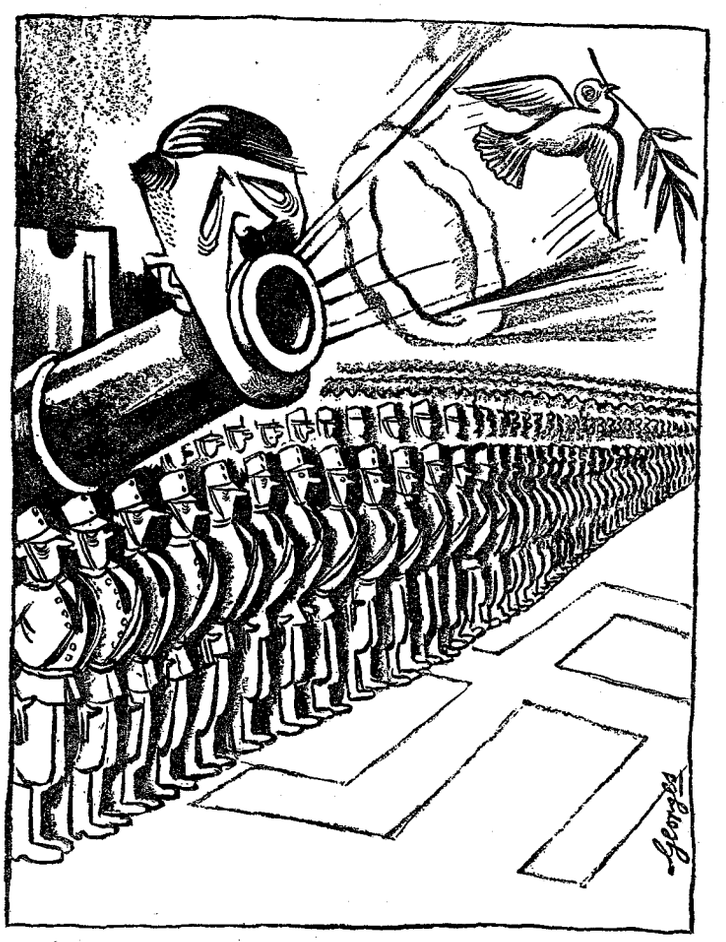
here unquestionably there is a certain danger, and a doubt about what we are to hope for. For if the war is short, as from a human viewpoint one must hope, then it is to be feared that the general changes effected by it will not be sweeping enough to form the groundwork for a really new world. But if it is long and bloody, then the feelings of hate and revenge it will leave behind might become a deadly danger to all good resolutions. At least one has a right to hold the second to be the graver danger. Before the war these realizations and resolutions were just developing; its outbreak has sharply intensified them. They are almost identical with the decision to fight it out, and they have a better prospect of surviving at the end of a war of moderate duration than in the moral and physical desolation that a long and cruel war would bring with it.

HIERARCHY OF HELOTS

I have attempted above to characterize one of the two views of the future at issue in this war. The second view is not wanting in boldness and magnificence either; in fact, in these respects it is superior to the first, granted that gloomy enmity and contempt for mankind may come under the head of magnificence. This conception of the future has unfortunately nothing to do with a human desire for an equilibrium of liberty and equality, of individual and social values; it is on the contrary allied to an unqualified and rancorous belief in the necessity of mastery and servitude. It conceives the world as in the process of division into a few great "living spaces," *Gross-Lebensraüme,* which must be self-sufficient, or "autarchic." These realms are to be established by force—which the master-peoples who create them are by natural prerogative entitled to use—through the subjugation and annexation of surrounding small nations which, lacking military strength and a large population, are denied this claim to freedom; and which, if they resist absorption by the great realm, become guilty of a criminal assault against the majesty of numbers. Here the idea of race plays an important part. The "great," in other words the numerous, people is endowed at the same time with the quality of superior race, while the small ones are of lesser manhood and born to slavery. Their subjugation and annexation admit them to the great community of the master-race only in so far as the latter adds them to its numbers, which thus become still more majestic; pillaged and deprived of their rights, they enter the estate of helots, constrained to pay homage to the ruling race and kiss the boots that tread upon them. That this master-race is itself composed of disfranchised slaves whose masters, the inventors of the whole regime, inspired by the deepest contempt for humanity, rule them by terror and stultifying propaganda is small consolation for the slaves of the slaves.

Altogether there is no denying that the system is pretty desperate. It admits no hope whatever—indeed, one is ashamed to pronounce this weak and insipid word in connection with it. Dark threats, inexorable cruelty intensified by lust, hard and bloody oppression, uninterrupted warlike tension are its very essence, essentials without which it could not be maintained. Every faintest stirring of a wish for the precious blessings of peace, and so for freedom, for the benefits of civilization and the serene enjoyment of life, for pure uplifting thought beyond the spheres of power or politics—these must count for it as high treason. How could it be otherwise? The subjugated smaller peoples, in whom a tendency to shake off the yoke will always be present, must be kept in bowed submission by every means of terror; so too must the master-race, which is almost as little to be trusted. In relation to other countries war remains the constant watchword: the very condition of autarchy requires the command, independent of any foreign supply, of all raw materials, which further requires the possession of all strategic points necessary to the "security" of the great sovereign realm, necessary, that is, to its capacity for aggression—all of which would be beside the point if peace were the question. Peace cannot, it dare not, ever be the question; this heroic snarling philosophy of life does not



Georges Schreiber

The Nation, May 31, 1933

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permit it. After all, there are still several of these great realms. The world is divided up—but, it goes without saying, not for good. Among the master-peoples there must be a super-lordly people, singled out by its racial superiority to abuse the others, and the eschatological consummation will be the abuse of all the world by this one: probably, God willing—it must be His will, we shall know how to hold Him to it—it will be the German people.

VICTORY WITHOUT PEACE

Poor German people, how do you feel in the messianic role for which not God, not fate, but a handful of maniacal scoundrels has singled you out? The goal they sat will be fearful wretchedness to pursue, would be utter horror to attain. All that innately you most love and prize, all your need to love and be loved, you will have to deaden and deny; all that is harsh, bitterly cruel, and unnatural is to be your lot: isolation, the enmity of the world, disfranchisement, loss of intellectual freedom, the extinction of culture, and every possible deprivation. To these, thoroughly tried out in the years of National Socialist rule, you are doomed forever, for only under these conditions can you be "in form" for your horrible mission, and to win the world as your scoundrels intend, you must put from you all that the world has ever won for a people.

You are committed to this not only for the duration of the march toward the goal but forever, even after the victory. For such a victory gives no one peace; the eschatology of your scoundrels is utterly impossible and untenable, and a world which has only been abused without being won over will be in eternal revolt against the wretches who overcome it. Its state of mind will be that of those "hot-headed" Czech students ("hot-headed" is what, with a nauseating pretense of reasonableness, your scoundrels chose to call them) who in a quite hopelessly evil hour threw themselves barefisted against the iron machines of tyranny and were shot with the air of idiotic implacability on which German rule prides itself. "Rather die than endure it"—what is to become of you, German people, when the whole world takes the desperate watchword of these hot-heads for its own?

And has it not already done so? The war, which your seducers, firmly relying on the desire of others for peace, promised to spare you, has no other watchword, and in no other way can *"Il faut en finir"* be translated. You would believe no one who proclaimed to you the hopelessness of your struggle, for you still feel yourself strong. If only you could be made to realize that when victory can bring no hope the battle must be hopeless!

THE OTHER "NEW EUROPE"

Of the two concepts of the future, the two projects for a new order in Europe, one has been tried out; as yet the other has not. Temporarily and in limited measure the ultra-powerful empire of mastery and servitude, the empire of the self-enslaved superior race which sets its heel upon the subjugated helot races, has been tried out: the whole world knows approximately what it will be like. The picture of this peace stands before our eyes in the shape of a "Greater Germany" and its protectorates, set up by villainous madmen. In the unspeakable atrocities which are taking place in Poland and the Bohemian Protectorate those "subjects of the German people" who are still at liberty—the Danes, the Dutch, the Swiss, and whoever else may be regarded as occupying the German "living space"—can envisage their own fate.

The other "new world" has not been tried out; it is only a promise, and a precarious promise, of a peace to which each country would have to make equal sacrifices of national sovereignty and national self-determination, of a world of international cooperation, political and economic, where liberty is subject to social bonds and limitations, the Commonwealth, the Confederation of Europe. It is an optimistically humanitarian prospect of welfare, freedom, regard for law, individual happiness, the blossoming of culture; and consequently—for one must realize with what harshness and self-contempt man is apt to look upon himself—it is at a certain moral and intellectual disadvantage as against the tragically pessimistic and realistic idea of a black, bloody, and violent future.

An optimistic view of the world is easily associated with shallowness, thinness, and weak varnishing of the truth, while the pessimistic view which denies "happiness" appears to be deeper, more knowing, braver, and manlier. The German mind and temperament in particular are disposed to see optimism and pessimism in this light. But there are two ways of "denying" happiness, and there is a great moral difference between the pessimism which grows out of life's sufferings, out of painful sympathy for man's dark lot, and that which is malevolence and recalcitrance toward better things as such. There is a difference—and more than a difference—between the pessimism that says, Things will never be any better, and that which says, May they never be any better. The former leaves moral room for a readiness to oppose the will of man to the fatality of nature and to save for him as much of happiness and honor as possible. But a pessimism which says in bitter anger: What, is this earth to be a better and brighter place? I'll know how to handle that! So far as I can, I shall see to it that it will be still darker, crueler, and bloodier—a pessimism such as that has nothing to do with profundity, morality, or manliness; it is sheer opposition, base deviltry. And when, contrary to its longing for a world where better, saner, and happier circumstances prevail, a people advocates this pessimism, then that people is not heroic but base, and deserves the name of an enemy of mankind.

Does the German people propose to charge itself with this name, which is not so much a name as a curse? It is

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understood and agreed that those now in power in Germany are the sole obstacle to peace. If the Germans could see that they are fighting not for the happiness and greatness of their country, but for the advancement of a dozen upstarts, adventurers chained together by their crimes! If this clique is disregarded just for an instant, where is the reason for the life-or-death struggle which Germany now believes it must undergo, and because of which it is sinking from misery to misery? But unfortunately it is not enough that these men be disregarded; they must be discarded, and shaken off, so that a phantom is all that remains of what was never anything but a phantom.

Incitement to Treason

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

POLITICALLY, both the English and the French were poorly prepared for the present war. This is not said as a reproach but as a fact. Probably democracies are incapable of looking ahead, and so they can never be well prepared. But the consequences of unpreparedness are just as real as if the unpreparedness had been planned.

When the war began there had been no authoritative, responsible statement about a different Europe to which the German nation might hope to belong. Mr. Chamberlain had expressed vague assurances that Germany could have its rights if it changed its methods. But there was little in his words that a German could take hold of. Faced with the choice between following Hitler and following Chamberlain, Germans had no convincing reason for preferring Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain himself had brushed aside the League of Nations the year before by announcing that small nations should not expect it to protect them. Nothing conciliatory that either he or M. Daladier felt able to say publicly to Germans had concreteness. Even a German who did not trust Hitler, who knew Hitler was a promise-breaker, who deplored the blackmail and threats of the Hitler foreign policy, had no alternative. Not till after the war had been under way for many weeks did one hear the first suggestions of federalism, of a new European structure, of economic cooperation. These were necessarily tentative; the men in the British and French governments still have no specific plan for a new Europe and are only now beginning to pry their own minds loose from the conceptions of the old order.

Because Europe was organized on a basically wrong system and because it was impossible to reorganize it by common consent, the war could not be prevented. The only sound war aim, then, is the establishment of Europe on a peaceful basis. But this is not what Britain and France have announced as their objective. Their first aim is the overthrow of the Hitler regime, the "end of Hitlerism." This is understandable. Europe before the rise of Hitler was unhealthy, but a Europe in which Hitlerism functioned was still worse. So the removal of Hitlerism is a natural objective. A still more natural objective would be to remake the Europe that preceded Hitler and in a sense produced him. Putting an end to Hitlerism is only a half-measure, and a dangerous half-measure.

As things now stand peace is impossible till Hitler and Hitlerism are removed. The Allies frankly hope the removal will be the act of elements within the German nation. They are not fighting Hitler's armies; they are bringing pressure on Hitler's followers, deliberately making life difficult for them, so that they will be driven to find release and ease by acquiescing in the overthrow of the Hitler regime. In other words, the British and French policy is incitement to treason. It is an open invitation to some group to seize power in Germany. The promise to that group of a better Europe is still unformulated. It consists only of the suggestion of federalism. Federalism is a "good" word, but it is not a thoughtful or responsible word, not yet.

Let us assume that the pressure of the blockade succeeds, and some group in Germany does resort to treason and overthrows the Hitler government. Obviously it will do so in the name of the word which has been used. It will promise to bring Germany into the new European federation. That is what it must and will say. But the word can mean no more, when used by Germans, than it means now, when it is used by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier. And it may mean much less. Another German group will be running the country, a regime using a "good" word, in place of Hitler's "bad" words. The objective of the Allies will have been achieved. But will it be peace? Will it mean federalism?

The answer to this question may or may not be known when the time comes. It depends not on the character and quality of the men who take over Hitler's power, but on the understanding and desires of the German people who support them. Peace and federalism are only possible in a world of diffused power. What made the European war was not only that Hitler's words were bad, or that his objectives were bad, but that he had too much power. Unless Hitler's successors have less power, there will be no guaranty of peace. The trouble with the Allied

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peace objective is that it is superficial. Not only must Hitlerism go. Power must be diffused. And if the Germans are not ready to adopt a social structure in which power is diffused, it does not matter what words are used—there can be no certainty of peace.

The danger of the situation is that a premium has been put on treason and the use of "good" words. Anyone who can whip up an intrigue within totalitarian Germany, whisk the crown off Hitler's brow and put it on some other brow, is promised his reward. *He* gets the power in place of Hitler. If he can rally enough followers inside Germany he is sure of accomplices in the British and French governments. And if he can bring the war to an end he is sure of the grateful approval of all the folks at home. This is incitement to treason for ambitious ruffians. The more ruffianly they are the more quickly they will respond, the more glibly they will use all the "good" words, the more of a mockery the peace is likely to be.

THE BASIS OF A GOOD PEACE

The only kind of uprising in Germany that would be worth anything would be one of the people of Germany, undertaken to destroy the concentrated power of the Nazi regime. It would have to have strong leaders, but these leaders would need to be dedicated to more than taking over Hitler's power. They would have to be devoted to its diffusion. They would, no doubt, have to hold the power temporarily before diffusing it. But such an uprising is not being courted by the Allies in stating their peace objectives. They are not talking to the people of Germany about the diffusion of power. On the contrary, they are repeating that it is none of the Allies' business what kind of internal regime the Germans set up—which is a piece of widely accepted nonsense. No durable peace is possible unless the dictators are brought down. Power has to be diffused. And since peace is the business of everybody, the social structure of Germany is the business of everybody. Germany cannot be taken into an organized peace until its social structure is adapted to the existence and perpetuation of peace. It may not be for the Allies to dictate to Germany what kind of domestic structure it should have, but they should not profess that peace is something to be given any German dictator who manages to displace Hitler and vows to be a "good" dictator.

The argument here is not that the Allies should pledge themselves to continue the war till the German people of their own free will accept a regime of diffused power. But the Allies should know what kind of peace organization they intend to establish, and they should announce that no nation can become part of it until it meets certain standards of diffused political power. Then the test of the fitness of Germany to collaborate with a peaceful federation will not be the protestations it puts forward but its actual type of government.

At present a good many people appear ready to accept Marshal Göring as a suitable man to make peace. I have no way of knowing whether Göring is a party to the conspiracies to which he is nominated by the Allied press and, almost certainly, by important elements in the British government. Göring, however, is a Nazi; the regime he would head would be a Nazi regime; the power he would wield would be concentrated tyrannical power. He would have no more place in an organized peace than Hitler.

If Göring is not to commit high treason against Hitler, some other prominently placed German is being bribed by the Allied peace terms to do so. To succeed he will have to control part of the army or the police; he will need weapons and ruthlessness. If he wins, a counter-revolution against him is almost certain to be made, for he will not control all the power or hold all the weapons. If he comes to power it will be by a putsch. And putsch after putsch is possible, until in the end one tyrant succeeds in taking away all the weapons of his opponents.

Doubtless each of these uprisings would be proclaimed as being in the service of the "good" words. But the meaning of the "good" words has been almost destroyed in Europe. They have been degraded to many dastardly uses, and when the season of putsches begins, the "good" words will be cheapened to a cent a dozen. That is what happens when words take the place of ideas, when governments say that Hitlerism must go but do not say that diffusion of power is a condition of Germany's membership in an organized peace.

Perhaps Europe is already condemned to a succession of putsches. Wherever there have been tyrannies, and the tyrants have become unpopular, new tyrants have risen to replace them. It is hard to believe, for instance, that Carol will keep his throne in Rumania, that Stalin will be long in command in the Soviet Union, that Franco can retain his hold on Spain, or even that Mussolini—or Ciano—can continue to rule the weary Italian nation.

AMERICA'S CHOICE

The role of the United States in a drama of successive stormy uprisings in Europe will not be enviable. The people of this country will be torn between their innate sense that they must have a part in the peace and their confusion about the validity of the upstart regimes which will be established. There will be little incitement to think honestly about the peace. Pacifists will be ready to rush in with a blessing for any arrangement that stops actual warfare, whether it is peace or not. That is the condition to which most of the professional pacifists in this country have degenerated. Many of our pacifists blessed Munich only because it was not a declaration of military war. They will bless a super-Munich if it brings the military war to an end this winter, even if it gives Germany a five-year truce to reorganize the Soviet Union so that the two nations become so strong that they can

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later impose their will on most of the world. That would suit many American pacifists, who are not at all apostles of peace but kindly persons horrified by actual warfare.

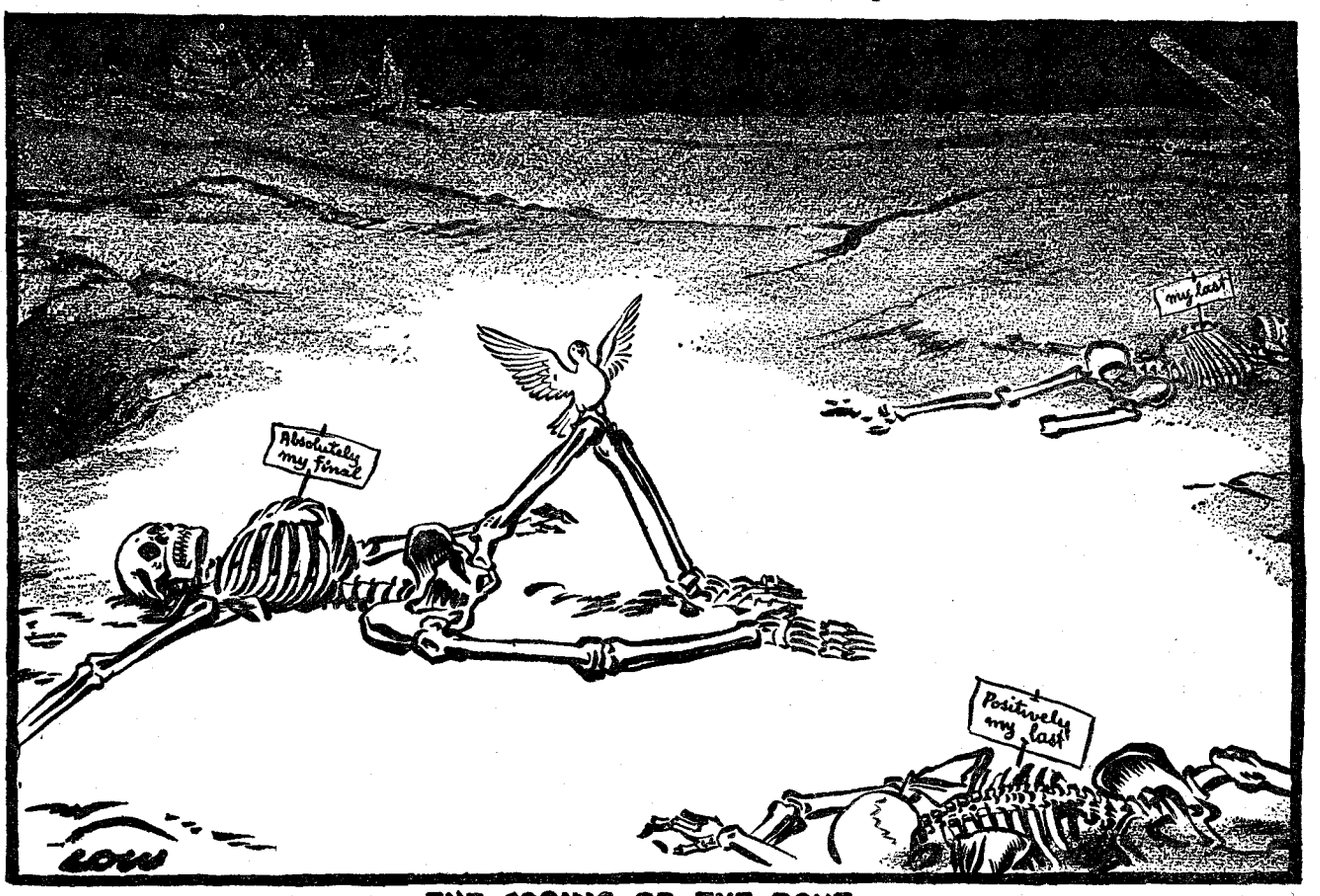
As long as American opinion is dominated by our so-called pacifists and their allies, the isolationists, the Administration will find it a challenge to its wisdom and character to keep before the world the conception of a true peace, and before the American people the acute sense of their obligation to take a responsible share in it. The British and the French cannot promise to establish a true peace by themselves, because it is beyond their scope to build it without the cooperation of the United States. That is their one acceptable apology for not having made a true peace their objective in the war, instead of the fall of Hitlerism.

The Allied case in Europe has been somewhat strengthened by the President's peace message to the Pope and his message at the opening of Congress. It needs much more reinforcement, which also must come from the United States. But first a period of frank talking and deep thinking is needed here. We must decide whether we really want peace or only want the war in Europe to be interrupted by a truce. I am not at all sure that most Americans want peace if the price of peace is federalism, supported by the United States and inevitably limiting the sovereignty of the United States. I am sure most Americans want to keep out of the present war in Europe, and want that even more than they want peace.

If the choice is not to be for a peace in which the United States bears its full responsibility, the consequences of that choice must also be frankly faced. In that case we are not for peace, and we shall not have it. That is, we must prepare for war. We must build a two-ocean navy. We must fortify our position in the Western Hemisphere. We must revise our sentimental good neighborliness in Central America, for the Panama Canal becomes more important to us than are Suez and Gibraltar to Great Britain. We must conduct as temperate an imperialism as we can in Central America and in the northern part of South America, but an imperialism it must be.

President Roosevelt and most thinking Americans do not want such a future for this country, and they do want peace. But I am not sure they can have peace, or can lead the United States into it. They do not talk frankly about it, and for most Americans the issues are utterly unfamiliar. Few Americans know that if a true peace is not established, we shall have to become a Western Hemisphere imperialism, founded on military and naval power. They do not appreciate that the isolationists are not pacifists but simply anti-foreign, and that the pacifists are not peace lovers but simply war haters.

There can be no true peace in Europe till we know what we want for ourselves, and, if it is peace, go to work making peace. Until we do, there will be putsches and truces and more wars. In this country we may not like Mr. Chamberlain's persistent incitement to treason in Germany. But if we do not like it we can give him something less superficial to talk about.



THE COOING OF THE DOVE

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War in the East: New Phase

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

TWO and a half years of warfare have brought China and Japan not nearer decision but only to a new phase, a phase of greater complexity in some respects, of greater simplicity in others. For there are now two different aspects to the Far Eastern war—one wholly internal and having to do with a test of strength between China and Japan alone; the other wholly external, having to do with the effects of the world conflict on the Far East.

The internal aspect is clearer and easier to deal with. It has been clarified by the apparent resolve of the Japanese to go through with the puppet regime in China and the apparent consent of Wang Ching-wei to assume the leadership of the regime. Whether Wang can win the adherence of enough Chinese of any stature still remains to be seen, but from all the indications he cannot. In that case the regime will stand as the mere shadow of a pretense, with one Chinese figure for coloration, to be used for bargaining purposes with the rest of the world and as a sop to the Japanese people to allay their growing discouragement. For it carries the appearance of victory, even if it bears none of the fruits with which to recompense the Japanese people for their deprivations.

When the Japanese army had reconciled itself to the necessity of fighting a long war—which was six months after the war began and six months after everybody except the Japanese army had recognized it—it adopted the strategy of eventual rule through Chinese as the easiest and cheapest way of administering a country of vast dimensions. Thus, too, the Chinese would be kept divided. One faction, to which the Japanese could lend military support when necessary, would always have a vested interest in the continuation of Japanese hegemony. A regional puppet regime was set up in Peiping as soon as North China was occupied; it did not work. Another was set up in Nanking as soon as the lower Yangtze basin was occupied; it did not work. Both remained little enclaves protected by Japanese bayonets in a hostile China. To have any chance of effectiveness a puppet regime had to have at least the appearance of being national. But a national government of any seeming genuineness had to have at least a few men of national reputation. Now there is one such—Wang Ching-wei himself—though the reputation is a tarnished one.

With the establishment of the new "central" government the Japanese are giving concrete form to the pretense, hitherto expressed only in official statements, that the war is over, that "the period of construction" has begun, and that Chiang Kai-shek is merely a rebel leader. In so doing they are also accepting a challenge. They are putting to the test whether they can ever rule China. If they do not succeed in the next two years they can never succeed.

The Japanese will undoubtedly make a speedy peace with the Wang Ching-wei government, one which has the outward appearance of liberal concessions but embodies all their desires. The appeal to the Chinese people on which the Wang government will rely is that of peace, cessation of suffering, restoration of opportunity to earn a livelihood. On the success of that appeal the Wang government and therefore Japan's aspirations to a continental empire stand or fall.

Unless there is latent in the Chinese people much that has not been detectable up to the present, the appeal will not succeed. There is war weariness no doubt. No nation in modern times, not even Spain, has been more ravaged by war than China since mid-summer, 1937. The European war, with the consequent loss of a certain degree of support from Great Britain, and the lukewarmness of America have added to the discouragement. If the Japanese were to be magnanimous and offer a truly generous settlement, withdrawing practically all their troops, lifting onerous restrictions, and mitigating their brutality, the Chinese might be reconciled. But if the Japanese army were capable of magnanimity or psychological insight, the war would not have gone to this point or there would not have been a war at all. Instead, it can be confidently predicted that the Japanese will withdraw few or none of their troops, that they will be even more harsh and grasping in their rule, and that the Chinese will be reduced to the status of the inhabitants of Manchoukuo —helotry on the soil or in the workshop.

I do not believe, therefore, that the Chinese will acquiesce. A certain number will doubtless be tempted by the prospect of returning to normal existence, but the larger proportion of those now fighting will continue to fight. In that case nothing will have been changed by the setting up of the puppet government except that Japan will have put the struggle to the final test. The outcome will still be determined by which is the stouter—Japanese economic endurance or Chinese spiritual endurance. And on the evidence of these two and a half years I should say that now, early in 1940, Chinese spiritual endurance is the less shaken of the two.

There has been from the beginning a tremendous exaggeration of Japan's economic weakness and an unwar-

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ranted expectation of a "breakdown." Disappointment because a delusory hope has failed to mature now manifests itself in a leap to the other extreme—the conviction that Japan can go on indefinitely. That, too, is delusory. The basic forces of Japanese society still run against Japanese military conquest of China if the Chinese are sufficiently resolved to hold out, and the Japanese army can be counted on to be brutal enough to stiffen Chinese resolve. The fact is that economically Japan is worse off than a year ago, and a year ago it was worse off than the year before. And the European war will accelerate the rate of decline. Japan can now export less, since much of the European market is closed, and at the same time it must pay more for its imports, since war demand has raised the price of those materials which it must buy to continue the war. There is thus a double drain on Japan's supply of free exchange. Of gold there can hardly be much left. The shortage of essentials is already serious; it will become more serious with the passing of every month. It can still be said that if China keeps time on its side it will escape subjugation.

One caveat must be entered to this argument by reason of recent events both in China and in the Western world, for the argument rests on the preservation of unity within China. On this subject there have been some disquieting reports in the last few months, turning mainly on the relations between the Chaing Kai-shek government and the Chinese Communists. With reference to those reports it must first be said that they should be taken with caution. A large proportion of them emanate from Japanese sources. They are designed to persuade Americans that as China's cause is hopeless anyway there is no use in America's trying to obstruct Japan. They are designed also to turn America's sympathies from China by raising the old bogy of Red penetration in China. But the danger of a break between the Chinese Communists and the Chungking government cannot be dismissed entirely.

The deciding factor lies not within China but without; it is Soviet Russia's now incalculable foreign policy. If Soviet Russia contracts an alliance with Japan or even makes an agreement of the same order as the one with Germany, it may bring pressure on the Chinese Communists to cease opposition to Japan. That the Chinese Communists will obey by no means follows; there is some reason to believe that many of their leaders would refuse and the Chinese Communist Party would split. But if they did obey, then of course China's capacity for resistance would be so seriously reduced that capitulation might result. Or if, at Russia's instance, the Chinese Communists set as the price of their continued cooperation in the war the right to exercise the balance of power in China and if the Chiang Kai-shek government should refuse, as doubtless it would, then the whole country would be split, and through the division Japan would walk in to mastery. But such a result can follow only on the fulfilment of two conditions—that the Chinese Communists will subordinate all else to their loyalty to Moscow, and that Moscow will deem it expedient either to sacrifice China for a deal with Japan or to use the threat of a deal with Japan as a means of forcing its way into China. And these conditions depend on the role that Soviet Russia elects to play in the world political scene.

This brings me to the second aspect of the Far Eastern war—the external. That the repercussions of Western world politics should be less pronounced now than they have traditionally been is hardly to be expected. They would have been felt in any case. They will be felt the more by virtue of England's enforced self-extrication from the Far East at this critical juncture and Soviet Russia's alignment with Germany and presumptive reversion to orthodox, pre-1914 czarist imperialism.

So far as the war itself is concerned, one cannot see how it can have any decisive bearing on the result as between China and Japan. It imposes handicaps on China in some respects and on Japan in others. China, it is true, can now count on little or nothing from Europe in the way of supplies or credits. But because of Japanese occupation of the ports it could not have got much in the way of supplies anyway. The loss of British credits will hurt.

William Gropper *The Nation*, September 26, 1936

Chinese Communist Soldiers

It will hurt still more if the British seek to put pressure on China in order to placate Japan and thus hold Japan in line against either Germany or Russia or both. The latter contingency I believe remote, partly because I doubt whether China would yield to the pressure to the extent of making an unfavorable peace with Japan, and partly because I believe the British have lost all illusions that the Japanese will abide by any agreement that does not profit themselves alone. I should add that I think it unlikely that the British would take the chance of alienating America by a Far Eastern arrangement at China's expense.

The disadvantages that accrue to Japan by reason of

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the European war are no less than those China suffers. Politically Japan is dangerously isolated. There is no European counter-balance to British hostility, no German counter-balance to Russian hostility. Japan must therefore tread softly around British interests until Great Britain's defeat is sure, and it must either allay Russian hostility by Far Eastern concessions to Russia or be prepared to meet a Russian force freed of any threat from Germany. The last consideration may be eliminated, however, if Russia entangles itself any deeper in Europe or reveals conclusively that its military strength is hollow. The main disadvantages to Japan have already been touched on. They are economic. To carry on, Japan must increase its foreign trade. Obviously it cannot do so if Europe is eliminated from the world economy. Widely ramifying dislocations within Japan are thus inevitable. Other outlets must be found for goods hitherto sold to Europe, and they will be hard to find. Other sources will have to be found for goods hitherto bought in Europe, and they can be found only in one country—the United States. And it is hardly to the advantage of Japan to become increasingly, if not wholly, dependent upon the United States. In almost no other way could Japan become more vulnerable.

This brings me to the relations of the United States to the Far Eastern war. These are closer now than before last August, and their bearing is more direct since the American government denounced the treaty of commerce with Japan. The treaty expired on January 26. As has been said, Japan is now economically dependent on the United States as never before, and its vulnerability to American pressure is in direct proportion to its dependence. Refusal to sell supplies to Japan would for all practical purposes deprive Japan of those supplies. Penalizing duties on goods sold by Japan would lessen its sales here and by so much deprive Japan of the exchange with which to buy supplies anywhere. Unless the treaty is renewed, therefore, we are in a position to interpose a veto on any act by Japan, in China or elsewhere.

The treaty should not be renewed. My own position on that question was made clear in an article in *The Nation* last July under the title, Warn Japan Now. Even before the European war began, it was imperative that America exercise its power to check Japan so long as Europe was isolated within its own conflicts. It is more imperative now, and it is also more practicable. For Japan is more dependent on America, and the way has been cleared by the expiration of the trade treaty.

Russia—Twenty-two Years After

BY LOUIS FISCHER

STALIN is a lesser person than Lenin was. He is also different from Lenin. Lenin was a Bolshevik and a European. Stalin is a Bolshevik. Bolshevism is socialism refracted through a backward nation—Russia. Lenin tempered it with the ideas of the French eighteenth century and Western liberal thought of the nineteenth. But Stalin, the Georgian from the hill village near the geographic dividing line between Asia and Europe, is a superimposition of Karl Marx on Peter the Great. He is a mixture of the old and the new, of Russia and socialism. They are in conflict in him as they are in conflict within the country. Socialism is the thesis, Russia the antithesis, Stalin the synthesis. That is his strength. That is also the secret of the zigzags and stagnation or retrogression of the revolution. Sometimes the pull of Russia is stronger than the pull of socialism.

Lenin was in revolt against Russia. The primary purpose of the Bolshevik Revolution was to overcome Russia, to destroy the ugly material, psychological, and cultural heritage of czarism. That was the line of greatest resistance. Stalin has often departed from it to his enhanced temporary comfort but to the discomfiture of the revolution. He has violently attacked the physical vestiges of the past but adopted and perfected some of its political weapons, and he frequently acts in its spirit.

Lenin was truly great because he wanted big things. He aspired to conquer the mind of the world. During my later years in Moscow I would again and again take down a volume of Lenin to read, and would immediately feel removed from the reality of the day. Lenin was honest, big, and kind. He wanted to lift up. Now he lies embalmed and shrinking in the beautiful mausoleum on the Red Square. He was put there as a concession to the Russian love of the dead and to old Russia's retarded cultural development. The Oriental adulation of Stalin throughout the Soviet Union is another and labored official attempt—unsuccessful, I believe—to give the nation the "Little Father" it supposedly needs and craves.

Stalin seeks to remake the country he rules; Lenin aimed to remake the people first, then the country. Stalin gives the nation the regime he thinks it deserves. Forced upbuilding by the wise patron of masses too stupid to hear an idealistic call is Stalin's substitute formula for the humanitarian goals Lenin hoped to attain through real, not illusory, popular political activity in a country organized cooperatively.

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Lenin was dictator for five years. His subordinates and millions of workers and peasants loved him and followed him. He did not shrink from harsh measures. But he governed with logic as well as iron. His weapons were the secret police of the Cheka, his brain, his personal warmth, and the social action of the masses. Lenin died in January, 1924. During the preceding year illness kept him inactive. Upon his death a period of struggle among Stalin and Trotsky and others commenced. Stalin gradually established his power, until it was supreme in 1929. Then came the first Five-Year Plan and collectivization—the effort to make Russia socialist.

Lenin, of course, never came to grips with the practical problems of building socialism. His life as a statesman consisted of three years of civil war followed by the New Economic Policy (NEP), which was a capitalistic concession to necessity and ruin. We do not know, therefore, whether the rigors of Soviet dictatorship are socialist inevitabilities or Stalinisms. The history of the Soviet revolution is no final or satisfactory criterion of the possibility of erecting a socialist society. Nor are Soviet conditions a guide to the nature of the future socialist state. Soviet practice is insufficient to explode one theory or create another.

The world's first socialist revolution took place in Russia because it was a bourgeois revolution too. It was two revolutions in one. Its initial function was to introduce bourgeois reforms: to smash the feudal village, crush the aristocracy, free women and national minorities, disestablish the church, improve the status of labor, and enrich the country. (Kerensky was an interlude in Russian history which could never have accomplished what it did—the overthrow of czarism—but for the rising ferment of the working classes that quickly engulfed it.) Russia needed these changes and eagerly accepted them. Bolshevism therefore found more support and provoked less resistance than might have been encountered by a purely socialist revolution in an advanced country where bourgeois reforms had strengthened capitalism and weakened anti-capitalist opposition.

Lenin made Russia's French Revolution, the bourgeois-democratic revolution. It was left to Stalin to make the Leninist-socialist revolution. But the democratic revolution in Russia was incomplete because Lenin, as a Bolshevik, founded a class dictatorship which circumscribed freedom. And the socialist revolution in Russia is incomplete because the democratic revolution was incomplete, because the country was socially, economically, and culturally unprepared for such an advanced system. The obstacles which socialism encountered in backward Russia have changed its course.

It is idle to debate whether Stalin has reverted to Leon Trotsky, or to Nicholas Romanov, or gone fascist. Bolshevism is unique. To identify Bolshevism with Nazism, for instance, is unscientific. They are marching together in international affairs. The Gestapo and the Ogpu are worthy of each other. But the economic molds of Soviet society have not been altered by the Stalin regime. Soviet economy is not capitalistic. Despite purges, pacts with Nazis, Russification, and aggression, agriculture in the U. S. S. R. remains collectivized; industry is state-owned and operated; and trade is a government monopoly. No fascist state is like that. The composition of Soviet society is also different from society in fascist countries. It can be proved inversely in this wise: if Mussolini fell, he could be succeeded by court elements, the army, industrialists, middle-class politicians, or a combination of all or some of these. In Germany there are the conservative army officers, various religious groups, remnants of trade unions and anti-Nazi political parties, as well as capitalists and Junkers, who might supplant the Nazis. A similar situation exists in Japan. But in Russia Stalin could only be overthrown or succeeded by Soviet forces. There are no other in the country. Equally important—deep in millions of hearts the revolution still lives.

Twenty-two years of Bolshevik education and experience have changed the Soviet citizen in many fundamental aspects. Compared with life in the capitalist world, personal life in the Soviet Union is less hampered by traditions and taboos. The respect for work and the contempt for idle women are greater. Poverty is a much smaller handicap. Opportunities for advancement and education are more ample. Parents worry less about the future of the rising generation. Races, professions, and social strata mix more. The mind made conformist, orthodox, timorous, and uncritical by the pressure of Soviet authority is nevertheless, in some indefinable way, more inconoclastic about life and its institutions. The consciousness of the right to equality is more widespread because castes are not closed and lack the sanction acquired through time, public acceptance, and security. Finally, personal dignity, despite the indignities of the terror, is higher. The revolution, in other words, has not destroyed itself.

The Soviet Union is a workers' and peasants' state if only because the capitalist class has been annihilated and cannot in present circumstances be restored. Collectivization and state-owned industry are very likely an improvement on capitalist methods of production. But the political superstructure required by these economic devices extorts a costly social overhead. The ideological question which the Soviet revolution poses to the world is: Can socialist economy be maintained without repressive dictatorship? Is social democracy possible?

The Soviet regime is a proletarian regime misguided by leaders who have betrayed the purposes of the revolution. They have yielded too much and too readily to Russia. They have also suffered too much from Europe.

In their relations with the Soviet government foreign

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states have been moved by considerations of national power politics only when they needed Russia badly. When Germany was weak or when the Western democracies thought they could "appease" Germany, they indulged their ideological antagonism to the U. S. S. R. because they did not have to play power politics with it. The hostility directed against it exceeded the opposition which a national state occupying the present Soviet territory might normally have expected. The Soviet Union was never permitted to become part of Europe. And it failed to make Europe a part of it. It failed partly because it did not always try very hard, but chiefly the failure was due to conditions. After November 11, 1918, the world revolution never had a chance. Europe's rejection of Russia threw Russia back on itself. It was not Stalin's fault that he had to attempt to build socialism in one country. But he cannot be absolved, either, from the blame of building it as he has. Statesmen are the tools of history, but at the same time their stupidity, genius, and mistakes make history.

Lenin knew how to work with people. He kept Trotsky and Stalin, rivals from early days, under one roof. He called Zinoviev and Kamenev "strike-breakers" but cooperated with them harmoniously. He chastised Bukharin in polemics and yet had a warm, inner personal relationship to him. Stalin, on the other hand, drives his enemies into the desert and then shoots to kill. He also lacks the faculty of modulation. Lenin took Ludendorff's help in order to get from Switzerland to Russia and lead the revolution, but he was never sullied by the contact. The railway car that carried him through war-time Germany was "sealed" in all respects. When the Germans drafted the preamble of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with the Bolsheviks, they used the usual diplomatic formula—"To establish peace and friendship." Trotsky objected to "friendship" and had it deleted. But Stalin proclaims that the relations between Bolshevik Russia and Nazi Germany are "cemented in blood."

I do not subscribe to the personal theory of history accepted today in Russia, where all victories and achievements—but no setbacks or blunders—are attributed to Stalin. But leadership does count, especially in a country whose rulers are not directly responsible to or removable by the people. That is the root of the evil in Soviet Russia. Experience has demonstrated that dictatorship gives neither security at home nor peace abroad. In Russia, with no unemployment, there is no economic security because purges and police and political measures make for a tremendous labor turnover, innumerable dismissals, and fear. Nor could the Soviet government refrain from unnecessary aggression.

The three central problems—foreign policy, economy, and democracy—are thus intimately intertwined, and the last is the key to the other two. There was never any doubt that a state could produce goods. An army can. A prison can. Peter built cities. The crucial question posed by the Bolshevik Revolution was that of the role of the individual. Lenin and the Marxists held dictatorship or the omnipotent, omnipresent government to be an evil, for they envisaged as their ultimate goal the withering away of the state. In the early stages at least, this meant not anarchy but democracy, not the absence of authority but the curbing of authority and its control by the people. That is why the announcement of the Soviet constitution of 1936 was a world event. It heralded an unprecedented phenomenon—the abdication of a dictatorship. Numerous democracies had become dictatorships. Now a dictatorship promised to change into a democracy. Unfortunately it did not. The accentuated terror which commenced in 1936 has mocked the constitution. The chief cause of the purges and trials I believe was the discovery of anti-Stalin sentiment in the country and especially in the army and the G. P. U. It is significant that on May 11, 1937, the very day on which Marshal Tukhachevsky was demoted and a month before he and his generals were executed, political commissars were introduced in the Red Army. These commissars, *Pravda* said, are "the eyes and ears of the Communist Party in the ranks of the army." Apparently, Tukhachevsky had so many followers among the officers that Stalin introduced commissars to watch them. With Tukhachevsky's execution the purge grew especially intense. Everybody who had been connected with any opposition group or anybody whose popularity and authority might have made him dangerous if he joined the opposition became subject to the purge. In these circumstances democracy could only have facilitated the work of the anti-Stalinist elements and handicapped their suppressors. Whether, given different conditions, the Soviet dictatorship might have died remains the great riddle.

At its birth the Soviet revolution evoked the sympathetic tolerance of liberals, progressives, and optimistic believers in a better world. They hoped that the internationalism written on the Soviet banner might end wars. The class conflict in nations would supersede the imperialist conflict between nations; socialism would resolve the class conflict; then there would be peace. They hoped economic advance would prove possible without capitalist exploitation, misery, and the ups and downs of boom and depression. They hoped that a new socialist democracy would be purer than bourgeois democracy.

The favorable reaction of many people toward Soviet Russia was part of their reaction against the first World War. The world economic collapse in 1929 and succeeding years increased the number of Soviet friends; fascism still further swelled their ranks, especially when it appeared that Russia was moving toward democracy.

Today the Soviet government is engaged in war on

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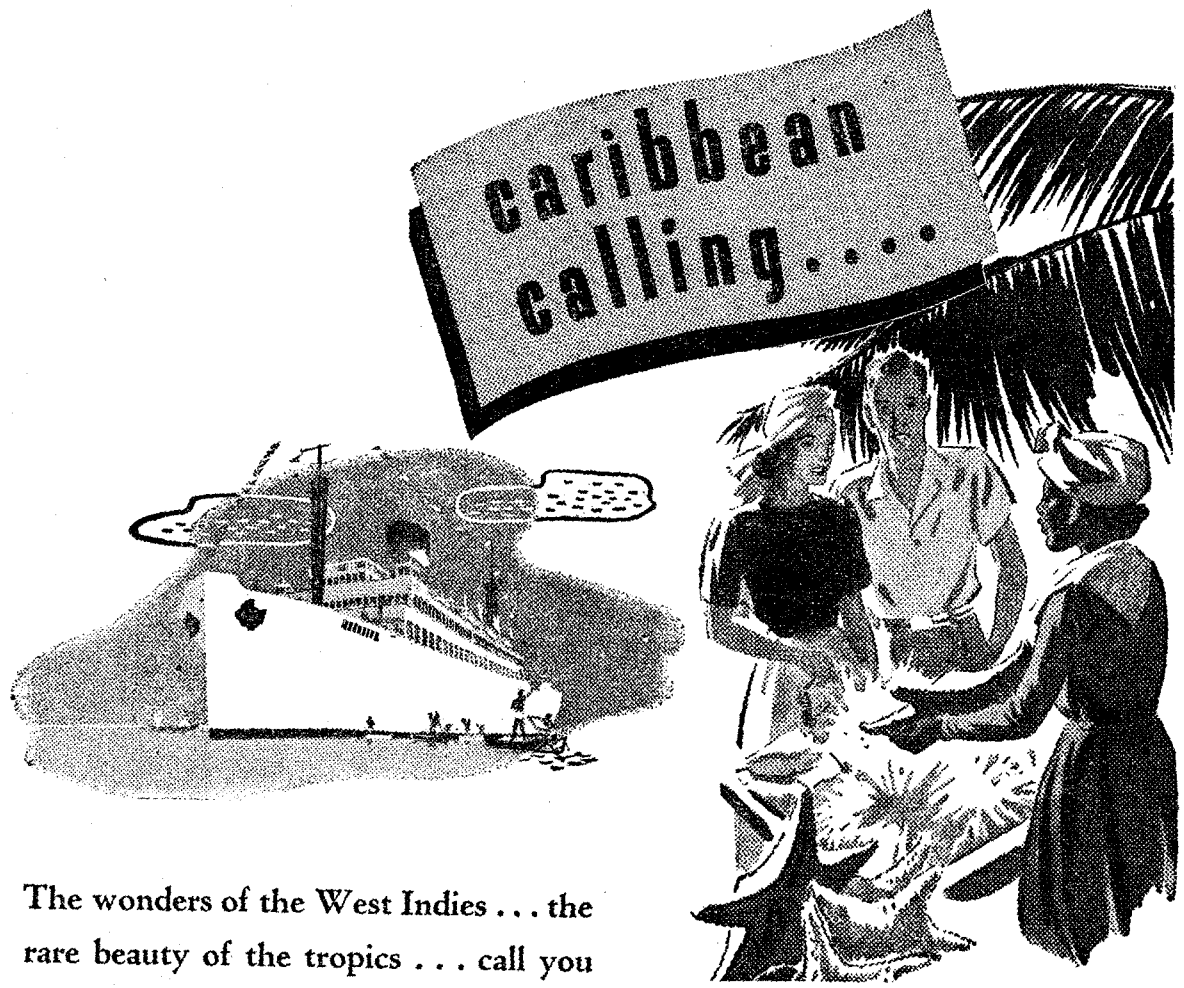

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Finland. Moreover, after having done much for peace, it declined at the crucial moment to throw its weight against the fascist war-makers. This and the emergence of nationalism in the Soviet Union disappoint the faith in its internationalism. Capitalism's ability to maintain an equilibrium despite continued heavy unemployment, widespread physical distress, and political insecurity restored some of the confidence of those whom the stock-market panic and subsequent business depression drove leftward, while Russia's economic difficulties dashed the hopes of many who had seen the millennium in terms of socialist industry and trade. Finally, the attempt to democratize Soviet dictatorship was a failure.

As a result, pro-Soviet sympathies in the capitalist world are now certainly at their lowest ebb since 1917. This makes for reaction and is used by reaction. Retreats by Soviet Russia have always been defeats for the left-of-center forces in bourgeois countries. These political groups and individuals are now impressed by the need of dissociating themselves from this often unwanted link with Soviet affairs. Some try to achieve that end through red-hunts. But in the present period of mental confusion the only hope of the left is a bold, appealing ideological improvement on the Bolshevism that has been transplanted into Western political conditions by foreign Communist parties, and also an organization as dynamic as those parties have been. Everything depends on whether socialism and democracy are compatible.

Glossary for 1940

BY ROBERT BENDINER

BEDFELLOW THEORY. Figuratively at any rate, bed plays a big part in modern politics. Tories look under their beds for Bolsheviks, and left-wingers look into other left-wingers' beds for tories. The first of these reactions is elementary and relatively harmless; the second is a more complex and rather neurotic phenomenon which in recent years has flowered into the Bedfellow Theory. Briefly, this doctrine is that whether you are right or wrong is not so important as who is on your side. To take the ultimate example, let us consider the application of the Bedfellow Theory to certain Russian activities in Finland. There are those of us who never liked and do not like now the technique of liberation by assault and battery; there are others who did not especially mind this vigorous approach in Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia but who are hotly vocal about it now that it has been adopted by their favorite villain. Unfortunately in the general chorus of condemnation the voices blend, and before we know what has happened the champions of the Newest Russia convict us of getting into bed with Herbert Hoover, Westbrook Pegler, and the National Association of Manufacturers. Few of us would want to be found in a coffin with any of these worthies, much less a bed, but what can we do? Granting, even insisting, that we have to sleep somewhere, the Soviet sympathizers would have us split a mattress with them, ignoring the Swastikas embroidered on the pillow. And that's where the weakness of the Bedfellow Theory emerges. You can always see the rascal in your neighbor's bedroom and never the knave in your own—though certainly the presence of a Göring should make itself felt in any bed. All that an honest man can do is to pick his bed on its merits and lie in it. It is better to let politics afflict you with strange bedfellows than to let a choice of bedfellows afflict you with strange politics.

Imperialism. The moralism of men and states has its finest expression in national robbery. Nothing that statesmen do lifts them to quite the same evangelical pitch as the well-planned plundering of some lesser state. The legions of the Caesars came, saw, and conquered in the name of the Pax Romana. Britain and France manfully took up the white man's burden of filching half the world's wealth from helpless natives. We "civilized 'em with a Krag" in the Philippines and "bumped 'em off" in the name of good roads and hygiene in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Mussolini set Ethiopia on fire and hanged its leaders so that it could share in the grandeur that is Rome's. The Mikado's troops massacred several million Chinese strictly out of "friendship." And the Red Army has been dropping thermite bombs from Helsinki to Petsamo by way of what *Pravda* calls "fraternal assistance to the Finnish people." Until recently the Germans presented a refreshing contrast. With no moral reputation to defend, they were artlessly predatory. *Deutschland über Alles,* Aryan supremacy, "divine right to rule," even *Lebensraum,* were all the honest language of the jungle; the Nazis never stooped to do anything "for the other fellow's good." Now all that is changed. Germany too has gone moralist, and its imperialism has a higher cause. Hitler explained it all in his New Year's address. Like Trotsky, he doesn't believe in socialism-in-one-country. Henceforth when Göring's aces bomb open cities, when S. S. men shoot Czech students and flog Polish Jews, they will have only one thought in mind: the building of a Socialist Europe.

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Intellectuals. In the epithetic art there is nothing to equal the scorn with which an intellectual calls an intellectual an intellectual. It appears to be part of the growing tradition among the men of brains that they are a degenerate lot as compared with stevedores, farm hands, and bull fighters. But the phenomenon is not new. Intellectual-baiting is the oldest occupational disease of intellectuals. Usually the process starts mildly enough when some of the more effete members of the caste put on a show of being anti-intellectual just for the novelty. Some flaunt an addiction to burlesque, others go about truculently matching chest hair with their contemporaries, many develop a preoccupation with gore, and all affect a passion for anything in overalls. Beyond these relatively harmless exhibits come the Judas intellectuals who stand ready to lead the flock to the abattoir. Once Germany was a land where every burgher who could afford a pair of thick rimless spectacles was a Herr Doktor, revered by the simple folk of town and country and held up to the young for a noble, if pot-bellied, model. Then came the cult of the *Übermensch* and a fierce anti-intellectualism, nurtured not by green-eyed farmers or inferiority-ridden mechanics, but by neurotic Nietzschean intellectuals. The idea took slowly at first, but surely, aided by all the forces that were finally to raise Adolf the Artist to his Berchtesgaden eyrie. Today the German intellectual, however Aryan, rates socially well below the garbage man and only a notch or two above the Jew. It is time that intellectuals got over their sneaking suspicion that a typewriter is less noble than a meat ax, and a briefcase downright degenerate.

International Banker. Back in the days when radio's chief menace was Amos 'n Andy, when Royal Oak was just the name of a British ship of the line, and the only Little Flower that made newspaper copy was LaGuardia, "bankers' hours" connoted a life of ease. Now, thanks to the air waves, we know that at least one class of bankers has been maligned: the international banker, far from being a sluggard, is a man of many facets and diversified activities. An average day in his life, if he covers all the ground the good priest says he does, must run something like this: Up at six for a triumphant look at the day's market quotations, followed by the customary hurried recitation of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Then breakfast, with a careful reading of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Daily Worker.* At nine the first emissaries from Washington arrive and the day's plotting begins. Plans are made for spending more and more government money, for concentrating more and more power in Washington, and above all for pushing this country into the war. The afternoon is given over to the creation of fictitious credits to be sold to middle-class suckers (Christians only need apply) in exchange for gold, which the i. b. buries in his back yard or sends to Russia by way of Trotsky disguised as William C. Bullitt. Dinner is served for six—two governors, a senator, a mayor, and a brace of Supreme Court justices. The i. b. communicates his wishes—no buses for parochial schoolchildren, more indecency in the films, a sitdown strike here, a youth-control law there—and the butler tucks a bag of gold into the pocket of each departing guest. After dinner checks must be made out to a long list of alien, subversive, un-American, atheistic, communistic, capitalistic organizations. Then a quick change into proletarian disguise and a dash by cab to Fourteenth Street to report to Earl Browder on the day's activities. Home by midnight for ten minutes of quiet international banking, and so to bed.

Peace. Probably the reason the world has fallen upon evil days is that every big nation has a peace policy. France's peace policy threw Spain to the dogs and shoved Czechoslovakia under the shadow of the Führer's mustache, England's erased Czechoslovakia altogether, and Japan's skinned China to the bone. The Soviet Union's, most vaunted of them all, has already cost the freedom of the Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians, and is now flaming through Finland, while all Southeastern Europe cringes before the Russian olive branch. "Peace," as the poet understates it, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." No less, indeed! In times like these men of good-will cannot afford to stand idly by muttering, "A *pax* on both your houses." They must work for the day when the hand of the peacemaker shall no longer be lifted against his brother and a tranquil *Mars vobiscum* shall fall from the lips of men.

Semi-fascism. Few enlightened persons imagined a year or so ago that there could be anything worse than fascism. Now, thanks to the men of the extreme left, we know that there is. It is semi-fascism. This is what the red troops of the Soviet Union fought against in Poland, as soon as they discovered it had been there all the time, and it is what they are fighting now in Finland. Your full-fledged fascist is a reasonable creature. He may systematically rob a million people, torture hundreds to death because their grandmothers were descended from their great-grandmothers, and forbid milk to non-Aryan babies, but as *Pravda* good-naturedly puts it, *chacun à son goût.* The understanding Soviets admit that the Nazis do have droll customs, but it would be the grossest folly—something like unprogressive child-training perhaps—to deal with them forcefully. It is better to give them sympathy and help them in their little problems. But these Finns with their cooperatives and their elected governments! Semi-fascists, that's what they are, and fire and sword aren't good enough for them. There ought to be a League Against War and Semi-Fascism. Probably there will be.

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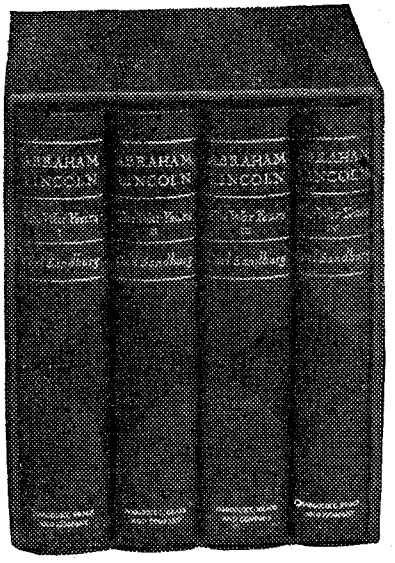

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Comments on "The Nation"

[*In preparing this anniversary issue the editors invited a number of outstanding Americans to comment on* The Nation *and its role—past and present. We asked for criticism and not merely for birthday greetings. A few of the letters we received appear on these pages. Some have already been printed and the others will be used in later issues.*]

GOVERNOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN

I have for a long time read *The Nation* as frequently as my crowded schedule will permit. May I say that regardless of whether or not one agrees with the editorial views of *The Nation*—and I have not done so by any means in all instances—there is no doubt that the articles are usually interesting and provocative. They frequently offer a point of view which might otherwise not be readily available to the public and, if accurate, thus become informative and educational.

May I congratulate you and your associates on the long career of *The Nation* and express the hope that it will continue for many years to render useful service to the public.

SECRETARY HENRY A. WALLACE

You ask what I honestly think of *The Nation*. I think it has richly justified its seventy-five years of existence by its championship of the under-dog, by its defense of civil liberties, and in general by its liveliness and cantankerousness. But I do hope, before another seventy-five years have passed, that *The Nation* will become (1) less city-minded and more accurately informed on the agricultural problem, and (2) as critical of the doctrines and doctrinaires of the left as it has always been, and properly, of the doctrines and doctrinaires of the right.

NORMAN THOMAS

My very hearty congratulations to *The Nation* on its Seventy-fifth Anniversary and my sincere wishes for many more happy returns of the day. To live so vigorous and useful a life as *The Nation* for seventy-five years in American journalism is no mean achievement. Naturally in that time the magazine has passed through many phases and has served with vigor and zeal many different and sometimes conflicting causes. But in general, at least in the period when I have known it best—and that goes back to the Godkin days—what has given a kind of unity to *The Nation* has been its function as a critical journal in the best sense of the word. It has honestly sought information and has tried to base its opinions upon fact.

In recent years I have feared that *The Nation* was departing from this standard in favor of the "democratic frontism" so popular among intellectuals, to which it contributed little by way of sound criticism or real illumination. Since August 23 I have thought I was witnessing something of a return of the magazine to its old critical integrity.

American life and American letters need something more than critical integrity, but we who seek a program for our times owe much to any who will contribute zeal and capacity to the search for truth. In this cause may *The Nation* serve with ever-renewed strength.

ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT H. JACKSON

Congratulations on a life that defies the mortality table of journalism and spans half our nation's existence. What really matters now is your *next* seventy-five years.

The task of the conservative journal is relatively an easy one. It may and usually does use the immediate interest of its group as the touchstone of its policy. By this simple formula it may please and prosper.

To achieve a leadership of liberal thought is a different matter. Its interest takes a wider scope and a longer range and considers more diversified welfares. It may more easily misread the signs. There have been times when I thought you did misread them. But who is to judge? And what of it anyway? To stimulate, to arouse us from a fatal complacency, is enough. In this you have never failed.

May you live and prosper.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Now that anyone having a tendency to liberalism in government or any human feeling for the under-dog is being marked as a Communist, the value of a publication like *The Nation* becomes increasingly more important. It has always seemed one of the really important publications of the country to me.

More strength to *The Nation!*

THURMAN ARNOLD

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of *The Nation* is an event to be celebrated by all liberals, by all lovers of free speech, and by all those who want to see the under-dog

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given an occasional break. No publication in America does better service to these three causes. No publication in America has a better or longer record of courageous utterances. It has constantly defended unpopular causes with intelligence and sincerity. It has always attracted writers with style and wit. We could lose hundreds of our stereotyped journals without serious consequences. We cannot and must not lose the inspirational prejudice-dispelling *Nation*.

The Nation is often wrong but never *wrong* and on the *wrong side* at the same time. What, never? Well, hardly ever!

HAROLD J. LASKI

I have read *The Nation* for twenty-five years, since, that is, I landed on the shores of the American continent as a student just out of Oxford; and research has led me to read much of its previous content. I have always appreciated it greatly—its vigor, its freedom of comment, its anxiety to see that just things do come just. I have not seldom disagreed violently with it; but I have never failed to feel that it should have my sincere respect.

Your next years are going to be hard and to call for all your courage and energy. May you have the power to carry on the fight with undiminished strength. You have never been so necessary as now when the liberalism for which *The Nation* was founded has to fight hard to maintain the democratic idea in America.

OSCAR AMERINGER

There are a great many formidable, six-syllabled words in *The Nation* which get me and my people down. And we are so busy rustling shirts for our own backs that we can't afford to do much tearing of them over the woes of the Croats, Slovenes, Finns, Letts, and Laps, concerning which *The Nation* is so constantly het up. It isn't that we are callous about the fate of our European brethren. It's just that we can't take on so much territory and that we are in touch with these affairs anyway through the capitalist press, whose editors are tickled to keep us looking toward the Atlantic Ocean while they pick our pockets on the home front and millions of Americans go hungry.

God forbid, however, that I should attempt to tell the competent editors of a paper five years older than myself how to run their business. I have had more liberal and labor papers shot from under me than Stonewall Jackson had horses, and I know what a thankless task it is to run an under-dog periodical. I'm naturally delighted to find each week that the *The Nation* which has fought so gallantly for so many years for the causes which I hold dear is so bouncingly alive today. Stick to the job for seventy-five more years and maybe we can inch up a bit on that genuine democracy of which *The Nation* is the authentic mouthpiece.

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS

For a great many years I have been a reader of *The Nation* and one of its humble admirers. Its courageous and unselfish attitude in defending the rights and liberties of the common man has won for it the admiration of all people who believe in justice and liberty. I should be happy indeed if I knew that its appealing voice could be heard at every fireside in America. To me it has always been a source of encouragement and inspiration in every progressive cause I have ever tried to help.

It should be an inspiration to you who have made this able fight to know that your words and efforts have given joy and satisfaction to the thousands of readers who have tried to follow your leadership in the battle for human progress and human happiness.

JOHN L. LEWIS

I read *The Nation* because it is an outspoken vehicle for liberal and progressive thought. With so many organs of opinion dedicated to the presentation of a single viewpoint, *The Nation* upholds the essentially American tradition of the free press. The conflict of ideas among its contributors and editors is always thoughtful and invigorating.

FANNIE HURST

My admiration for *The Nation* is based on factual evidence and not primarily upon the pleasant circumstance that we happen to think alike. I like the informed and vigorous standards of editing; I like the kinds of minds chosen to contribute; I like the awareness, indignation, impatience, and tolerance that characterize your magazine. Sometimes, it is true, I could wish for more of the attitude that "there is much to be said on both sides." But nevertheless, since I am on your side so much of the time, I find your magazine vigorous and invigorating.

More power to you!

BENJAMIN V. COHEN

The Nation has now been in existence seventy-five years. I have been a reader of it for only twenty-five of these years. I am struck by the fact that it shows no sign of age and indeed exhibits more of the spirit of youth than many of its younger rivals. In a critical period of our national life *The Nation* reveals a peculiar receptiveness to new ideas without yielding its attachment to the values that have made us take pride in our national heritage.

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The Great Caviar Riots

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Owing to the Russian situation, the shortage of unsalted caviar in this country threatens to become acute.—News item.

IT WAS in the spring of 1940 that a shocked public was first brought to face with the facts regarding the unsalted caviar shortage. True, there had been mutterings on Long Island for some time, but few were prepared for the sensational figures disclosed by the Gallup caviar poll, which showed that 81.6 per cent of the population of Southampton had been without unsalted caviar for almost a month. A private survey disclosed a serious lack of unsalted corpuscles in children between eight and sixteen, and an outbreak of rickets was feared.

Naturally a wave of indignation swept the country. The New York *Herald Tribune* laid the blame squarely at the feet of Mr. Roosevelt. "While the National Labor Relations Board is giving its biased decisions," said the *Tribune* editorially, "people are riding the streets without a spoonful of caviar to their names. Laws are passed to prevent the grinding down of the lower classes, but the grinding up of the upper classes continues unabated. Communism has reached us at last."

Matters thereupon went from bad to worse. In Tuxedo Park an elderly woman, unable to obtain unsalted caviar, actually ate salted caviar, and of course became violently ill. When the government still failed to act, a huge parade and protest meeting were planned for New York City. Five hundred limousines, manned by chauffeur and footman, and each containing a genuine First Family, drove up Park Avenue, followed by a thousand butlers and personal maids on foot. A delegation from the Racquet and Tennis Club rode as a unit, bearing aloft a huge placard: BELUGA OR BUST. The parade was followed by a mass-meeting at Madison Square Garden, held in conjunction with the Horse Show.

As the situation became more desperate, *Town and Country* opened caviar lines in Cartier's. Butlers and footmen who stood in line received a single tablespoonful of unsalted caviar, which was then rushed to Long Island in iced containers. In this way much suffering was alleviated, but it soon became evident that no real relief could be granted unless the government took steps. Even at this point, however, few could have predicted the outcome: that the Republicans would sweep into power as the result of the stubborn refusal of the Roosevelt Administration to act.

The climax came with lightning rapidity. As always, decisive action was brought about by the rise of a real leader—in this case Mrs. Bellington Belcher, of New York and Newport. From her villa at Newport, that summer, Mrs. Belcher quietly mailed engraved invitations to about a hundred of her friends. They read as follows:

> Mrs. Bellington Belcher
>
> Requests the Pleasure of
>
> Mr. and Mrs. ————'s Company
>
> on Thursday Night, August 22d, 1940
>
> at Ten o'Clock
>
> to Consider Rioting
>
> ———
>
> White Tie

A date was secretly set for the uprising—Tuesday, October 29, shrewdly chosen because of its proximity to Election Day. It was a day that was to go down in history as Unsalted Tuesday.

On that fated evening an unusual number of Rolls-Royces and Isotta-Fraschinis could have been seen quietly converging at Madison Avenue and Sixty-first Street. Well-groomed men and women in evening clothes walked quietly into the Colony Restaurant. The casual observer would have noted nothing unusual, but a careful eye would have detected suspicious bulges in the rear pockets of the gentlemen, an unusual fatness in the ladies' evening bags. Later these bulges were to turn out to be tightly rolled copies of *Spur* and *Tatler,* deadly weapons when wielded by desperate men. In the ladies' bags, accounting for the fatness, were old copies of the "Social Register," which they were later to hurl with disastrous effect.

From her seat at the head of the table Mrs. Bellington Belcher gave the signal. Spreading a bit of caviar on her toast, Mrs. Belcher lifted it to her mouth, tasted it, and then uttered just one word:

"Salted!"

It was the agreed signal. In five minutes the room was a wreck. Not a glass, not a plate, remained unbroken. Handfuls of salted caviar were hurled against the walls; the noses of the headwaiters were rubbed in it. When the police arrived ten minutes later, the place was a shambles.

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to

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on its

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International

LADIES' GARMENT

WORKERS' UNION

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Arrests were made, of course, but the weight of public sympathy was such that the prisoners were immediately released. The following morning Mrs. Belcher executed her master-stroke. The country was flooded by campaign brooches on which the words "Vote Republican" were spelled out in black pearls, in imitation of caviar. Tiffany's had made a special rate for ten million of them.

With the election going Republican, of course, there was an abundance of unsalted caviar from that time on. This was accomplished through a new government bureau, the UCC (Unsalted Caviar Commission), of which Mrs. Belcher herself was made the head.

War or Peace in American Labor?

BY HERBERT HARRIS

IN RECENT White House conversations John L. Lewis has again injected the issue of "one big union" into the struggle to bring about peace and unity between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Back in March of 1939, when peace committees from both camps were meeting with President Roosevelt, Lewis set off the same fireworks, with flare-headline effects. He urged that the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. dissolve forthwith, that the "Big Four" Railroad Brotherhoods also disband, and that all three groups be merged into a new Congress of American Labor, the presidency of which was to go to an "executive type," such as A. F. Whitney of the Trainmen or D. B. Robertson of the Firemen and Enginemen.

In some quarters it was believed that Lewis offered this solution in an earnest desire to reconcile differences. But now that he has reiterated the proposal, many labor men—both A. F. of L. and C. I. O.—look upon it at best as a bit of comedy, and at worst as an attempt to stall in a most critical situation. In the first place, they point out, the Federation will reject this solution, just as it did a year ago, as "not designed for serious consideration." On paper, and in the future, some such grand combination of all union forces might become not only desirable but mandatory. But at the moment it is plain nonsense. The Big Four, as a group, they point out, are older than the A. F. of L. They operate within the framework of an industry that since 1888 has been directly regulated by the government. They have their own traditions, loyalties, vested interests. Their collective-bargaining status is the result of a long step-by-step evolution and experiment. To scrap this set-up by a stroke of the pen would in itself create vast new problems—administrative, legislative, and jurisdictional—and would needlessly complicate a situation which has so far been made more complex and more difficult by almost every move toward peace.

Despite the feints and withdrawals, the trial balloons, and the efforts of the President's various ambassadors to devise terms acceptable to the belligerents, just two official peace conferences have been held during the four years of A. F. of L.–C. I. O. warfare, and they served only to intensify hostilities. The first began on October 25, 1937, at the Hotel Willard in Washington, in response to a C. I. O. suggestion that meetings be held looking toward a "unified labor movement." On the chess board of this tourney, the C. I. O., represented by a committee of ten, of which Philip Murray was head, opened with a gambit devised by Father Haas of Catholic University. The Haas plan called for the creation, within the A. F. of L., of a separate autonomous division to be known as the C. I. O. Department and to embrace all C. I. O. affiliates. Moreover, the C. I. O. wanted the A. F. of L. to guarantee that the industrial form of organization would be accepted as "normal and necessary" in the mass-production, public-utility, marine, and basic fabricating industries. The C. I. O. also asked the A. F. of L. to amend its constitution to prevent the Executive Council from suspending any national or international union except by authority of a majority vote in an annual convention. The A. F. of L. committee of three—Matthew Woll, George Harrison, and G. M. Bugniazet—at once discarded the Haas idea as impossible. They claimed that the proposed new C. I. O. Department, with its craft, trade, semi-industrial, and industrial unions, would come into conflict with A. F. of L. unions in the same fields and would thus simply aggravate jurisdictional squabbles.

After the conferees finally got down to business, the discussion seemed interminable. At last the A. F. of L. committee made several important concessions which, embodied in its final offer, led many of those present to believe that a basis for agreement had been reached. It must be kept in mind that the C. I. O. at this time was composed of thirty-two unions. Seven of them had been ejected from the A. F. of L., five had withdrawn, and twenty either had been created by the C. I. O. or had affiliated with it after having enjoyed a previous independent status.

"Now, here's what we'll do," said the A. F. of L. committee, in effect. "The twelve original unions don't need to come back into the Federation until all questions relating to the twenty new C. I. O. affiliates have been

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THE Oxford University Press, in something of an anniversary mood, would like to indulge in a little pointing-with-pride to its achievements. After all, we've been publishing books for four-hundred-and-seventy-two years, beginning with the *Commentary on the Apostles' Creed* attributed to St. Jerome and bearing the date 1468. That seems a long way indeed from our recent W. P. A. Guidebook, FLORIDA, A GUIDE TO THE SOUTHERNMOST STATE, 600 pages, many illustrations and a great big folding map, all for $2.50, and timely as anything. Among the many series we have launched and to which new titles are added from time to time are: THE OXFORD BOOKS OF VERSE, each $3.00, beginning with THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (1900) which has sold nearly half a million copies. An entirely new edition of this famous anthology, edited, as was the original, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, will be published on March 7th. Many new poets are added, and the collection ranges from the years 1250 to 1918. Other recent titles in this series are THE OXFORD BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE, edited by W. H. Auden, and THE OXFORD BOOK OF GREEK VERSE IN TRANSLATION. Lord David Cecil has edited THE OXFORD BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE, which will also be published soon.

Then there are the famous "Oxford Companions," which include Sir Paul Harvey's two indispensable compilations—THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE, 920 pages, $5.00, and THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE, 480 pages, $3.00. In this series is Dr. Percy A. Scholes', THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC, 1095 pages, lavishly illustrated, $6.50, surely the number-one value among musical encyclopaedias. Incidentally, in the field of books about music, the *Nation's* own B. H. Haggin has brought his MUSIC ON RECORDS, $2.00, up to date (to September, 1939.) If you bought the first volume, a 75c pamphlet will bring your knowledge of what's been done on discs right up to the minute.

Another great Oxford series is the World's Classics. There are nearly 500 of these little reprints now, many of the newer ones designed by Bruce Rogers. Somerset Maugham, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 6, discusses the Classic Books of America; among the twelve of which he writes, six are published by us in The World's Classics Series. Catalogue on request.

Sir Donald Tovey's series of six volumes, ESSAYS IN MUSICAL ANALYSIS, will be complete with the publication this Spring of Volume VI, which contains Miscellaneous Notes, Index, and Glossary covering the complete series. Volumes I and II, Symphonies; Volume III, Concertos; Volume IV, Illustrative Music; Volume V, Vocal Music. The price for the complete set will be $21.00. Individually each volume is $4.00

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ironed out by committees equally representing both sides. When such adjustments have been made, the new membership of the C. I. O. will be taken back into the A. F. of L. *concurrently* with the twelve former A. F. of L. unions, and the C. I. O. as such will cease to exist.

"When all such matters have been settled," continued the A. F. of L., "we will recommend that our constitution be changed, as the C. I. O. officials suggest. We will also specify trade areas where the industrial form of organization shall prevail entirely."

Although they were minimized by C. I. O. partisans and exaggerated by A. F. of L. spokesmen, the importance of these concessions is obvious. In this connection it is pertinent to recall that the twelve unions which had previously belonged to the A. F. of L. comprised more than 70 per cent of the C. I. O.'s numerical and financial strength. There was little trouble about the tentative readmission of this block into the A. F. of L., although jurisdictional rights in steel were fiercely debated. More genuine elements of conflict existed between the C. I. O. Woodworkers and the A. F. of L. Carpenters. The former was the outgrowth of a dissident group within the Carpenters' Union, and both claimed jurisdiction over lumberjacks, as well as sawmill, furniture, and other workers, especially in the Northwest. By the same token the C. I. O. Transport Workers' Union and the A. F. of L. Street and Electric Railway Employees, the C. I. O. Radio, Machine, and Electrical Workers and the A. F. of L. Electrical Workers offered some very tough problems of synthesis. Still other unions, however, like the Newspaper Guild, had virtually no hurdles of jurisdiction to get over.

John L. Lewis

Early in December, 1937, the peace conference blew up, and special subcommittees personally headed by Lewis and Green were unable to save it. The A. F. of L. version is that the first C. I. O. committee had definitely accepted the Federation's formula but that Lewis "vetoed" the entire agreement at the last minute. The C. I. O. contends that the A. F. of L. committee refused to put its terms in writing, that it lacked final powers to "sign, seal, and deliver," and that it wanted the C. I. O. to abandon its newer affiliates. In any event, what with confusion and counter-charges, the story was given out that the issue was "ten inside, and twenty-two outside"; that is, the Federation would take back ten of the unions and leave twenty-two others out in the cold, to perish of neglect or fall prey to the jurisdictional wolves. In the first place, it was twelve and twenty; and in the second place this wasn't the issue, a fact verified by Philip Murray in a speech in New York City on January 5, 1938, when he declared: "Mr. Green has suggested, 'Well, you C. I. O. men and your thirty-two unions stay out of the Federation for a while. Appoint your committees and we won't ask you to come in until everybody comes in.'"

Actually, the C. I. O. had three basic demands: adoption of industrial-union practices, the lifting of suspensions by the Executive Council, and the curtailing of its power to revoke charters. All these were substantially granted by the A. F. of L., which in turn clung to its own single basic demand, the abolition of the C. I. O. as a separate, "dual" entity.

In labor circles the consensus of informed opinion, even among certain C. I. O. leaders, is that Lewis himself was primarily responsible for breaking off the 1937 negotiations, and that in doing so he missed the opportunity of a lifetime. After all, these persons point out, in the November, 1935, convention which resulted in labor's great split, the C. I. O. faction with its allies was able to count on about a million out of three million workers. At its 1937 convention in Denver the A. F. of L. administration was supported by 25,000 votes representing about 2,500,000 unionists, while the C. I. O. had enrolled at least 3,300,000. Even granting it the short end of the trades and compromises needed for a merger, the C. I. O. stood a better than even chance of going back to the Federation, where it still had many friends, and of becoming within a year the dominant voice in shaping the policy of the reunited body.

Meantime, during the past twenty-six months, the A. F. of L. has grown stronger than ever before. The C. I. O. lost ground, and has recouped it so far only in part. Yet its permanent character and its ability to survive employer attacks and A. F. of L. hostility are by now unquestionable. It is here to stay because it has adopted the successful strategy of the A. F. of L. and supplemented it with more energy, imagination, and boldness than the Federation has displayed in recent years. Meantime, too, the original causes of the cleavage—craft versus industrial organization, and the whole debate over union structure—have been submerged; the A. F. of L. charters industrial unions, the C. I. O. charters craft unions, and both charter all gradations in between.

When President Roosevelt in March, 1939, urged the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. to make another effort to get together, everybody understood that the chief item on the

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agenda was no longer the craft-versus-industrial issue but the discovery of a satisfactory method for redistributing powers, prerogatives, and prestige among the organizations and individuals concerned.

When Lewis put forth his one-big-union idea at the first meeting of this second A. F. of L.–C. I. O. conference held at the White House, A. F. of L. ardor for peace was considerably dampened. Negotiations were continued, however, and the A. F. of L. gave ground on another point. In building their national organization several C. I. O. unions had extended their jurisdictions. The miners, for example, were drawing in chemical workers, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had invaded the laundry field. In an earlier day the A. F. of L. would have objected to this sort of thing as violating at least the paper claims of its affiliates. But now it told such C. I. O. unions to return "as you are, not as you were."

William Green

On April 4, 1939, Lewis was in New York conferring on a renewal of the United Mine Workers' contract. He asked the A. F. of L. committee to postpone further unity talks until he had finished his discussion with the operators. The A. F. of L. committee said, "Of course." It has not heard from Lewis since except indirectly. He did say later that it was impossible to reach an accord because the Federation was in the hands of a "small group of leaders, firmly intrenched and reactionary in their attitude on public questions, who are tolerant of many evil conditions existing in the A. F. of L." He also said that, as far as he was concerned, it was a "fight to the finish." Naturally all this enraged the Executive Council. As a whole, council members are not as vicious or as reactionary as Westbrook Pegler and certain radicals make them out to be, in spite of the performances of certain sub-chieftains like Petrillo and Bioff.

The council's behavior on the question of labor peace has been curious. Its members oscillate constantly between cooperative and combative attitudes toward the C. I. O. When the first view is dominant, they informally get the word to C. I. O. principals that it's "about time that John saw the light," and hope for the best. But when the combative attitude is in the ascendant, as it is now, they indulge in the suicidal and majestic stupidity of sponsoring the Walsh amendments to the Wagner Act, which would turn unions into employer appendages and invite the most contemptible sorts of collusion, plain and fancy, between management and labor leaders.

Yet most of the council members genuinely desire A. F. of L.–C. I. O. harmony, out of a sense of self-preservation if not of social idealism. They are in a panic about the anti-union legislation on the statute books of twenty-two states, sweeping eastward from Oregon to Pennsylvania and southward to Alabama. They are convinced that the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. scrap has gone too far. They blame Lewis, but their minds are troubled. Several of them protest almost too much. When they talk about clear consciences do they remember the ejection of the seven original C. I. O. unions in flagrant violation of the A. F. of L.'s constitutional fiat?

Daniel Tobin, needled incessantly by Roosevelt to "do something about it," has been releasing unity statements almost as fast as he can get them in print. His Teamsters control more votes than any other union in the A. F. of L., and would be immensely strengthened by unity, since they often depend upon the aid of other unions in a strike situation. Moreover, he is naturally not averse to becoming head of the united movement—a distinct possibility. William Green, Matthew Woll, George Harrison of the Railway Clerks, Harry C. Bates of the Bricklayers, Edward Flore of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, Edward J. Gainor of the Letter Carriers, are all more or less alarmed over current anti-union trends, and feel that only a united A. F. of L. and C. I. O. can save the labor movement from a serious setback. John Coefield of the Plumbers does not care one way or another very much, but George Meany, new secretary-treasurer, cares a great deal. A hard-headed business unionist on the make, he perceives that A. F. of L.–C. I. O. competition, which for a time was the life of trade, may soon become the death of trade unionism. T. A. Rickert of the United Garment Workers, Joseph Weber of the Musicians, and George E. Brown of the Stage Hands feel the same way. W. D. Mahon of the Street Railwaymen isn't too pleased over the existence of Michael Quill's Transport Workers, but he'll talk across the table once a fusion of forces really impends. G. E. Bugniazet of the Electricians, who feels that his union is entitled to hegemony over the C. I. O. workers, will have to be cajoled into compromise. Yet neither he nor Dan Tracy is going to be adamant in this respect, largely because Harry Van Arsdale, business manager of Local No. 3, with its 16,500 members, has been calling loudly for peace. Only William Hutcheson, head of the Carpenters, is adamant against the C. I. O., but even he knows that he will have to string along with any pro-peace majority.

Of the C. I. O.'s eight top-ranking officers, Sidney Hillman in recent months has stepped out in front as an advocate of peace, which, he says, is as imperative for 1940 as was the formation of the first C. I. O. in 1935.

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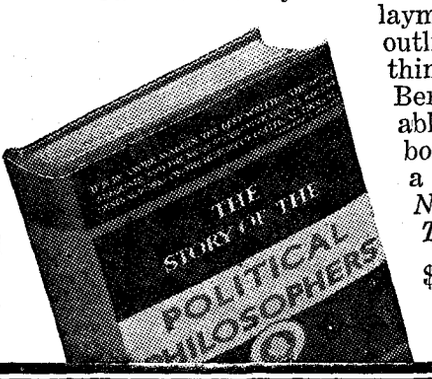

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Four of his fellow vice-presidents—Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers, R. J. Thomas of the Automobile Workers, S. J. Dalrymple of the Rubber Workers, and Reid Robinson of the Miners and Smelters—lean toward the Hillman view. Philip Murray occupies a middle ground. He is not as anxious for comity as Hillman, but he wants it far more intensely than does Lewis, who finds little pleasure in any such prospect. James Carey, C. I. O. secretary, whose relationship to Lewis is that of an adoring adjutant to his general, will do anything his chief commands. And the order of the day is still "no truce." Until some social inventor can devise a chairman-of-the-board post that in an A. F. of L.–C. I. O. merger would endow Lewis with an importance at least equal to that of the presidency of the organization, he isn't likely to sacrifice the fame, the power, and the glory he currently enjoys. He is an able, gifted, intelligent man; and he likes being top dog. So does William Green, of course, even if his own authority is of a more titular kind. Yet Green is not young, he is no longer a fighter, and if he were convinced that his resignation would insure labor unity he would step down. The next move is up to Lewis.

Winter Miscellany—Four Poems

SELECTED BY JOHN BERRYMAN

A Vision of Labor

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

In my head the juxtapositions
impossible otherwise to accomplish:
two young rubber-booted ditchdiggers
beside the bed of the dying bishop—
cracking obscene jokes
at the expense of the flabby woman in
the white bathing suit, the weak breaths
of the old man masquerading under
the double suck of the mule-pump

—by the edge of the sea! the shore
exploded away—but in this case
a bomb of construction,
the sewer going down six feet inside
the seawall along the front of
the cottages—not through them
unfortunately—a *cloaca maxima* like
the one under the Roman Forum
which alone made that possible in
that place.

That's it! There, there!
That's the answer.
Alone made that possible there
in that place.

The girl lying there
supine in an old rowboat reading an
adventure magazine and the two guys
—six foot three each of them
if they were an inch—washing their
hip-boots off in the stream jerking
from the pump at the finished manhole,
washing their hands, their heads
and faces, cupping their hands to drink
the stuff. Geezus! what the hell kind
of water is that to drink? But
they probably know what they're doing
—and looking down the bank at her
lying flat out there in the heat with
her five-and-ten dark glasses on
to protect her eyes from the sun's glare
—looking down and smiling over her
like insane men.

When you've been broke
and damned near starving for
five years you get to look that way,
said my cousin who had had a taste
of it. You can't help it. That's
poverty. Both your mind and your body
are affected. But they're just mechanics
damn good ones most of them, like
anybody else.

—the white suit
pulled up tight into her crotch the
way she was lying there facing them
—till they threw the switch and
the pump stopped and
the bishop died
and they turned their backs on it,
threw their boots over their shoulders
and went home.

My Country

BY EMMA SWAN

My home is among mountains my race
is one of pioneers who fought
and lost who fought and found what
did they find? say a land where

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they laughed and multiplied and I
the last seed of their strength
fret into silence by the storming sea
natural inheritance lost and by chance

alone it is late now the clouds
foam into night with sharp stars
piercing them that would explode
the red sun sinking beneath

the steel waves I have hungered
traveled to dismiss dismay the starving
craving of that elliptical game
called life and found it full

of strife fighting widowed into thought
and all discovery worn by the wind
to a round zero an empty sum
while thunder falls across

the ocean plain and the world
true to its axis turns again.

I Remember the Block Party

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I

The eyes like gimlet holes upon the dark
are widening inward, large as velvet moons.
remembering the dancing on the block,
the gaiety, the lanterns, the balloons. . . .

how feet against the lights turned the huge spokes
of that slow wheel of darkness sparking stars
as the accelerated rim loosed flocks
of birds in walls of music past the doors. . . .

How the boys romped and all the dear girls sang,
and flowers drowsed upon the hair and wind:
ah, musical were jargon and harangue
and mandolins and candy of the mind!

And all the songs of nations gathered there,
merry-go-round around the captive birds:
no aeroplanes to gorge on flesh of air!
no radios to crop the stems of words!

O street roped off against all evil feet,
against the rumbling of the cobbled day,
here in your orange twilight, it was sweet,
here at the perfumed stairway, it was gay!

Young were the dewy lips of circumstance,
deep in that bower, that carillon of tongues:
so many hearts so happy all at once
shook the millennium through a sieve of wrongs!

II

The moons condense to pinholes at the stroke
of memory's gong on gates with death's-heads wrought:
and thirty years, a feather's height of smoke
bloom for a moment at the focused thought.

The bombing surf of all our hidden tears
tilted the sunless combers on our hair,
and when we dared lift hearts again, the years
were clinker-teeth, in armed formations there.

Alas, the aggregate heroic limbs,
a slimy mass of eyes, turned sky to stone:
now in that terminal the foreign hymns
warm their chilled fingers at the kindling bone.

There's fighting on the block, eastwest, northsouth,
it's shambles in the precincts of the dead:
the spongy clouds curl from the upturned mouth
toward seas of harpies pulsing overhead. . . .

When Does the Play Begin?

BY JAMES LAUGHLIN

Mother when does the
show begin when does

something happen hush
dear be quiet in just

a minute now but you
said that a long time

ago I want the curtain
to go up hush dear be

quiet it isn't good
manners to talk when

the music is playing
but mother I'm tired

of the music and they
keep playing the same

piece hush darling in
just a minute now here

eat a piece of candy
no I don't want any

more candy mother I
want them to begin the

play I want to see the
lights go on and have
the people walk around
& talk & laugh & sing!

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A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

The following extracts are taken from an Open Letter addressed to the American Public. Despite their great importance, the parts dealing with emergency relief in France and with the persecution in Spain have had to be omitted for lack of space. The full letter is available to any interested person.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Chairman
Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign

ONE of the most important migrations in the history of the Americas is about to begin. We believe that this event will have a profound effect upon the future relations of the countries of this continent and their populations.

IN THE early part of this year the first large-scale movement of Spanish Loyalist refugees to Latin America in which American organizations have had direct part, will take place. At that time 2,000 Spanish refugees will leave France for the Dominican Republic. These refugees, only the advance guard of a far greater number who, it is hoped, will be able to settle in many Latin American countries throughout the coming year, can well be compared to the first immigrants who in their search for peace and freedom founded our own country. The democratic traditions for which the Spanish people have fought so well, and which they still carry with them, cannot but help enrich the economic, cultural and political life of the republics to the south of us. . . .

THE Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign is launching the *American Rescue Ship Campaign for Spain's Refugees* in order to secure immediately some of the funds necessary for this project. The whole task beginning with the migration to the Dominican Republic must be carried through successfully if thousands of persons are not to suffer unbearable hardships in French concentration camps or face the alternative of return to a fascist Spain. . . .

FORTUNATELY, countries in Central and South America have agreed, under certain conditions, to accept as many as 100,000 Spanish refugees as colonists. . . .

ARRANGEMENTS for three-quarters of the financing necessary to send 2,000 persons to the Dominican Republic have already been completed. The American public has been asked to contribute the remaining one-quarter of the funds necessary, namely, $50,000.

ONE hundred and fifty dollars will make it possible for a Spanish refugee to leave France and settle in the Dominican Republic as a free man with a hopeful future.

WE, the undersigned, urge all sections of the American public—the press, churches, schools, fraternal organizations, peace societies, women's groups, trade unions and men and women of various professions—to support this *American Rescue Ship Campaign for Spain's Refugees*, and to further in every way the entire program of the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign.

LET us not forget a brave people who for nearly three years fought back an overwhelming tide of reaction and in so doing raised high the standard of democracy as a rallying point for all those who love freedom.

NO greater tribute to democracy could be paid than your aid in this task.

SIGNED:

Josephine Truslow Adams
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Ernst P. Boas
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and others

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A Day's Work

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

THE dull scrambling like a giant rat in the wall meant the dumb-waiter was on its way up, the janitress below hauling on the cable. Mrs. Halloran paused, thumped her iron on the board, and said, "There it is. Late. You could have put on your shoes and gone around the corner and brought the things an hour ago. I can't do everything."

Mr. Halloran pulled himself out of the chair, clutching the arms and heaving to his feet slowly, looking around as if he hoped to find crutches standing near. "Wearing out your socks, too," added Mrs. Halloran. "You ought either go barefoot outright or wear your shoes over your socks as God intended," she said. "Sock feet. What's the good of it, I'd like to know? Neither one thing nor the other."

She unrolled a salmon-colored chiffon nightgown with cream-colored lace and broad ribbons on it, gave it a light flirt in the air, and spread it on the board. "God's mercy, look at that indecent thing," she said. She thumped the iron again and pushed it back and forth over the rumpled cloth. "You might just set the things in the cupboard," she said, "and not leave them around on the floor. You might just."

Mr. Halloran took a sack of potatoes from the dumb-waiter and started for the cupboard in the corner next the icebox. "You might as well take a load," said Mrs. Halloran. "There's no need on earth making a half-dozen trips back and forth. I'd think the poorest sort of man could well carry more than five pounds of potatoes at one time. But maybe not."

Her voice tapped on Mr. Halloran's ears like wood on wood. "Mind your business, will you?" he asked, not speaking to her directly. He carried on the argument with himself. "Oh, I couldn't do that, Mister Honey," he answered in a dull falsetto. "Don't ever ask me to think of such a thing, even. It wouldn't be right," he said, standing still with his knees bent, glaring bitterly over the potato sack at the scrawny strange woman he had never liked, that one standing there ironing clothes with a dirty look on her whole face like a suffering saint. "I may not be much good any more," he told her in his own voice, "but I still have got wits enough to take groceries off a dumb-waiter, mind you."

"That's a miracle," said Mrs. Halloran. "I'm thankful for that much."

"There's the telephone," said Mr. Halloran, sitting in the armchair again and taking his pipe out of his shirt pocket.

"I heard it as well," said Mrs. Halloran, sliding the iron up and down over the salmon-colored chiffon.

"It's for you, I've no further business in this world," said Mr. Halloran. His little greenish eyes glittered; he exposed his two sharp dogteeth in a grin.

"You could answer it. It could be the wrong number again or for somebody downstairs," said Mrs. Halloran, her flat voice going flatter, even.

"Let it go in any case," decided Mr. Halloran, "for my own part, that is." He struck a match on the arm of his chair, touched off his pipe, and drew in his first puff while the telephone went on with its nagging.

"It might be Maggie again," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Let her ring, then," said Mr. Halloran, settling back and crossing his legs.

"God help a man who won't answer the telephone when his own daughter calls up for a word," commented Mrs. Halloran to the ceiling. "And she in deep trouble, too, with her husband treating her like a dog about the money, and sitting out late nights in saloons with that crowd from the Little Tammany Association. He's getting into politics now with the McCorkery gang. No good will come of it, and I told her as much."

"She's no troubles at all, her man's a sharp fellow who will get ahead if she'll let him alone," said Mr. Halloran. "She's nothing to complain of, I could tell her. But what's a father?" Mr. Halloran cocked his head toward the window that opened on the brick-paved areaway and crowed like a rooster, "What's a father these days and who would heed his advice?"

"You needn't tell the neighbors, there's disgrace enough already," said Mrs. Halloran. She set the iron back on the gas ring and stepped out to the telephone on the first stair landing. Mr. Halloran leaned forward, his thin, red-haired hands hanging loosely between his knees, his warm pipe sending up its good decent smell right into his nose. The woman hated the pipe and the smell; she was a woman born to make any man miserable. Before the depression, while he still had a good job and prospects of a raise, before he went on relief, before she took in fancy washing and ironing, in the Good Days Before, God's pity, she didn't exactly keep her mouth shut, there wasn't a word known to man she couldn't find an answer for, but she knew which side her bread was buttered on, and put up with it. Now she was, you might say, buttering her own bread and she never forgot it for a minute. And it's her own fault we're not riding round today in a limousine with ash trays and a speaking tube

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and a cut-glass vase for flowers in it. It's what a man gets for marrying one of these holy women. Gerald McCorkery had told him as much, in the beginning.

"There's a girl will spend her time holding you down," Gerald had told him. "You're putting your head in a noose will strangle the life out of you. Heed the advice of one who wishes you well," said Gerald McCorkery. This was after he had barely set eyes on Lacey Mahaffy one Sunday morning in Coney Island. It was like McCorkery to see that in a flash, born judge of human nature that he was. He could look a man over, size him up, and there was an end to it. And if the man didn't pass muster, McCorkery could ease him out in a way that man would never know how it happened. It was the secret of McCorkery's success in the world.

"This is Rosie, herself," said Gerald that Sunday in Coney Island. "Meet the future Mrs. Gerald J. McCorkery." Lacey Mahaffy's narrow face had gone sour as whey under her big straw hat. She barely nodded to Rosie, who gave Mr. Halloran a look that fairly undressed him right there. Mr. Halloran had thought, too, that McCorkery was picking a strange one; she was good-looking all right, but she had the smell of a regular little Fourteenth Street hustler if Halloran knew anything about women. "Come on," said McCorkery, his arm around Rosie's waist, "let's all go on the roller coaster." But Lacey would not. She said, "No thank you. We didn't plan to stay, and we must go now." On the way home Mr. Halloran said, "Lacey, you judge too harshly. Maybe that's a nice girl at heart; hasn't had your opportunities." Lacey had turned upon him a face ugly as an angry cat's, and said, "She's a loose, low woman, and 'twas an insult to introduce her to me." It was a good while before the pretty fresh face that Mr. Halloran had fallen in love with returned to her.

Next day in Billy's Place, after three drinks each, McCorkery said, "Watch your step, Halloran; think of your future. There's a straight good girl I don't doubt, but she's no sort of mixer. A man getting into politics needs a wife who can meet all kinds. A man needs a woman knows how to loosen her corsets and sit easy."

Mrs. Halloran's voice was going on in the hall, a steady dry rattle like old newspapers blowing on a park bench. "I told you before it's no good coming to me with your troubles now. I warned you in time but you wouldn't listen. . . . I told you just how it would be, I tried my best. . . . No, you couldn't listen, you always knew better than your mother. . . . So now all you've got to do is stand by your married vows and make the best of it. . . . Now listen to me, if you want himself to do right you have to do right first. The woman has to do right first, and then if the man won't do right in turn it's no fault of hers. You do right whether he does wrong or no, just because he does wrong is no excuse for you."

"Ah, will you hear that?" Mr. Halloran asked the areaway in an awed voice. "There's a holy terror of a saint for you."

". . . the woman has to do right first, I'm telling you," said Mrs. Halloran into the telephone, "and then if he's a devil in spite of it, why she has to do right without any help from him." Her voice rose so the neighbors could get an earful if they wanted. "I know you from old, you're just like your father. You must be doing something wrong yourself or you wouldn't be in this fix. You're doing wrong this minute, calling over the telephone when you ought to be getting your work done. I've got an iron on, working over the dirty nightgowns of a kind of woman I wouldn't soil my foot on if I'd had a man to take care of me. So now you do up your housework and dress yourself and take a walk in the fresh air. . . ."

"A little fresh air never hurt anybody," commented Mr. Halloran loudly through the open window. "It's the gas gets a man down."

"Now listen to me, Maggie, that's not the way to talk over the public wires. Now you stop that crying and go and do your duty and don't be worrying me any more. And stop saying you're going to leave your husband, because where will you go, for one thing? Do you want to walk the streets or set up a laundry in your kitchen? You can't come back here, you'll stay with your husband where you belong. Don't be a fool, Maggie. You've got your living, and that's more than many a woman better than you has got. Yes, your father's all right. No, he's just sitting here, the same. God knows what's to become of us. But you know how he is, little he cares. . . . Now remember this, Maggie, if anything goes wrong with your married life it's your own fault and you needn't come here for sympathy. . . . I can't waste any more time on it. Goodby."

Mr. Halloran, his ears standing up for fear of missing a word, thought how Gerald J. McCorkery had gone straight on up the ladder with Rosie; and for every step the McCorkerys took upward, he, Michael Halloran, had taken a step downward with Lacey Mahaffy. They had started as greenhorns with the same chances at the same time and the same friends, but McCorkery had seized all his opportunities as they came, getting in steadily with the Big Shots in ward politics, one good thing leading to another. Rosie had known how to back him up and push him onward. The McCorkerys for years had invited him and Lacey to come over to the house and be sociable with the crowd, but Lacey would not.

"You can't run with that fast set and drink and stay out nights and hold your job," said Lacey, "and you should know better than to ask your wife to associate with that woman." Mr. Halloran had got into the habit of dropping around by himself, now and again, for McCorkery still liked him, was still willing to give him a foothold in the right places, still asked him for favors

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at election time. There was always a good lively crowd at the McCorkerys, wherever they were; for they moved ever so often to a better place, with more furniture. Rosie helped hand around the drinks, taking a few herself with a gay word for everybody. The player piano or the victrola would be going full blast, with everybody dancing, all looking like ready money and a bright future. He would get home late these evenings, back to the same little cold-water walk-up flat, because Lacey would not spend a dollar for show. It must all go into savings against old age, she said. He would be full of good food and drink, and find Lacey, in a bungalow apron, warming up the fried potatoes once more, cross and bitterly silent, hanging her head and frowning at the smell of liquor on his breath. "You might at least eat the potatoes when I've fried them and waited all this time," she would say. "Ah, eat them yourself, they're none of mine," he would snarl in his disappointment with her, and with the life she was leading him.

He had believed with all his heart for years that he would one day be manager of one of the G. and I. chain grocery stores he worked for, and when that hope gave out there was still his pension when they retired him. But two years before it was due they fired him, on account of the depression, they said. Overnight he was on the sidewalk, with no place to go with the news but home. "Jesus," said Mr. Halloran, still remembering that day after nearly seven years of idleness.

The depression hadn't touched McCorkery. He went on and on up the ladder, giving beefsteaks and beanfests and beer parties for the boys in Billy's Place, standing in with the right men and never missing a trick. At last the Gerald J. McCorkery Club chartered a whole boat for a big excursion up the river. It was a great day, with Lacey sitting at home sulking. After election Rosie had her picture in the papers, smiling at McCorkery; not fat exactly, just a fine figure of a woman with flowers pinned on her spotted fur coat, her teeth as good as ever. Oh God, there was a girl for any man's money. Mr. Halloran saw out of his eye-corner the bony stooped back of Lacey Mahaffy, standing on one foot to rest the other like a tired old horse, leaning on her hands waiting for the iron to heat.

"That was Maggie, with her woes," she said.

"I hope you gave her some good advice," said Mr. Halloran. "I hope you told her to take up her hat and walk out on him."

Mrs. Halloran suspended the iron over a pair of pink satin panties. "I told her to do right and leave wrongdoing to the men," she said, in her voice like a phonograph record running down. "I told her to bear with the trouble God sends as her mother did before her."

Mr. Halloran gave a loud groan and knocked out his pipe on the chair arm. "You would ruin the world, woman, if you could, with your wicked soul, treating a new-married girl as if she had no home and no parents to come to. But she's no daughter of mine if she sits there peeling potatoes, letting a man run over her. No daughter of mine and I'll tell her so if she—"

"You know well she's your daughter, so hold your

tongue," said Mrs. Halloran, "and if she heeded you she'd be walking the streets this minute. I brought her up an honest girl, and an honest woman she's going to be or I'll take her over my knee as I did when she was little. So there you are, Halloran."

Mr. Halloran leaned far back in his chair and felt along the shelf above his head until his fingers touched a half-dollar he had noticed there. His hand closed over it, he got up instantly and looked about for his hat.

"Keep your daughter, Lacey Mahaffy," he said, "she's none of mine but the fruits of your long sinning with the Holy Ghost. And now I'm off for a little round and a couple of beers to keep my mind from dissolving entirely."

"You can't have that dollar you just now sneaked off the shelf," said Mrs. Halloran. "So you think I'm blind besides? Put it back where you found it. That's for our daily bread."

"I'm sick of bread daily," said Mr. Halloran, "I need beer. It was not a dollar, but a half-dollar as you know well."

[*Continued on page* 226]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SOME NOTES ON VOLUME I

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

"ONE principal object of *The Nation* is to promote and develop a higher standard of criticism." I quote the first sentence of an article on Critics and Criticism which appeared in the first issue of *The Nation,* July 6, 1865. It is a sprightly and provocative piece, in which the author, Charles Astor Bristed, examines the question of critics versus authors, outlines the functions of critics, and says a word about publishers:

> . . . From one point of view the publisher is the public's natural enemy, and the critic their natural protector. . . . Publishers, like most men, usually pursue their calling from a desire to make money by it, nor is this fact more discreditable to them than to any other class. But like all dealers, the publisher is sometimes mistaken in the quality of his wares; he sometimes buys or agrees to print a work which would not find favor on its merits. This want of merit he is too often tempted to supply by systematic and unblushing puffery.

Mr. Bristed pays his respects to "venal 'notice writers'" and "sham reviewers," but goes on to say that any review inspired by personal animosity "is worth exactly its weight in Confederate paper."

> The critic . . . should be ignorant . . . whether [the author] is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or single, whether his grandmother was a President's sister, or his second cousin is a New York alderman.

His final sentence is directed at authors:

> . . . we believe our authors themselves would not be sorry for a little less butter and a little more pepper; we are certain it would do them good, whether they liked it or not.

The literary section of that first issue was compounded of authority, plain speaking, and excellent writing. Or perhaps I should say is, for though the advertisements in it look quaint today, the reviews are mainly dated by the titles of books and such contemporary allusions as the reference to Confederate money. The contributors, aside from Mr. Bristed, were Henry James, Sr., who wrote a masterly and annihilating criticism of Thomas Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great; Henry James, Jr., who reviewed Henry Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons"; Charles Eliot Norton, who wrote on Richard Grant White's "Works of William Shakespeare"; and E. K. Gurney, professor of history at Harvard, who reviewed Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism." The name of the writer of the Literary Notes is not set down, but one may assume that it was Wendell Phillips Garrison, who was the literary editor.

Ensuing issues maintained the high standard set by the first. The names of reviewers for the most part did not appear; sometimes it is impossible to identify them; but in the bound volumes of *The Nation's* office file names are noted in pencil beside the title often enough to show that they included many of the distinguished writers and scholars of the time. Most reviews were long —two, three columns of small, closely packed print. Foreign books were often reviewed. There was no attempt at comprehensive coverage of books, though a vast range of literary subjects was touched upon in the weekly notes. William Dean Howells, recently returned from a consulship in Italy, wrote several articles on Italian subjects; in 1867 George Perkins Marsh, philologist and diplomat, wrote at least nine long articles—I lost count after that—on the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, a project present reviewers will marvel at.

To me the most interesting reviews in the first volume are those of Henry James, Jr., who was twenty-two in 1865 (he had published his first review the year before in the *North American*) and was not considered important enough to be listed with his father among *The Nation's* contributors. His early reviews of Henry Kingsley, Dickens, Walt Whitman, Anthony Trollope, and others are like arrows, beautifully weighted, wonderfully sharp, well-seasoned, going straight and swiftly to their mark.*

James wrote of Kingsley:

> The author leaps astride of a half-broken fancy, starts off at a brisk trot . . . and trusts to Providence for the rest. His main dependence is his command of that expedient which is known in street parlance as "collecting a crowd." He overawes the reader by the force of numbers; and in this way he is never caught *solus* upon the stage; for to be left alone with the audience or even to be forced into a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with one of his characters is the giant terror of the second-rate novelist.

He called Dickens "the greatest of superficial novelists." His intense dislike of Whitman's work made the sparks fly in his review of "Drum-Taps," which bore the simple title Mr. Walt Whitman:

* They form part of a collection published in 1921 of James's critical writings during 1864, 1865, and 1866.

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> What the human heart desires above all is sincerity [he said, addressing Whitman], and you do not appear to be sincere. For a lover you talk entirely too much about yourself. In one place you threaten to absorb Kanada. In another you call upon the city of New York to incarnate you, as you have incarnated it. . . . To become adopted as a national poet, it is not enough to discard everything in particular and to accept everything in general. . . . This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war, and practiced human nature's best in so many ways for the last five years, it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards.

Mr. Walt Whitman's opinion of Henry James was also in character. "James," he once said, "is just feathers to me."

In 1915, in the special issue commemorating *The Nation's* fiftieth year, Henry Holt, himself looking back fifty years, wrote as follows:

> The publishers didn't know what to make of *The Nation's* strange ways. . . . [They] had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if not praised . . . the early *Nation* unquestionably did more than all other influences to raise the standard of our literary criticism, and . . . to educate the publishing trade.

Mr. Bristed and his colleagues would have been pleased at this testimonial of a publisher half a century after.

Contemplation of the first volume of *The Nation* arouses mixed emotions in me. Having come from Utah and being, in addition, a member of the female sex, I can almost feel the skeptical to scornful glances of the illustrious males whose names adorn those early pages. Especially of the great Godkin, who allowed women to contribute to his paper but opposed giving them the vote, and who later came to feel that the frontier and the vulgar West, which for him began somewhere beyond the Hudson, had distorted the democracy of his early faith, failing to understand, like many a modern counterpart, that his basic aristocratic longings had finally overcome his youthful radicalism. "No scenery or climate I had to share with Western people," he wrote to a friend in his late years, "would charm me." What Godkin could not see, partly because he was too close, was that the "Western people," hailing from the Eastern seaboard and from every quarter of the globe, were learning to practice, in their own way and with an exuberance that could not but strike him as crude, that very independence and freedom of expression on which he justly prided himself and his journal. And though he might not care to recognize it, this "vulgar" democratic force flowing in from every part of the country has served to maintain and renew the spirit of liberalism which he in 1865 represented. The letter of liberalism has changed, yet the underlying spirit of the early *Nation* is amazingly similar to that of *The Nation* of 1940. And since literary standards and critical principles are more durable than political programs, many of the reviews in the first issues would not be out of place in the present *Nation,* which still believes in dispensing less butter and more pepper, always, of course, for the good of the author, the public, and the publisher!

Americana, 1865: In the issue of July 27, 1865, Russell Sturgis, in an article called A Word About Museums, rejoiced at the disappearance of P. T. Barnum's American Museum, which had just been destroyed by fire. He went on to demand a genuine "American museum." "Perhaps," he wrote, "in the neighborhood of the Central Park . . . would be the best place for it." Two weeks later the correspondence column contained a letter from the irrepressible Barnum which opened by saying that *The Nation* was "just the journal 'our nation' needed," and went on in part as follows:

> I am not thick-skinned, and I know my museum was not so refined or classic or scientifically arranged as the foreign governmental institutions, for mine had to support my family . . . But it is a great error to state that I ever permitted "vulgar sensation dramas." No vulgar word or gesture, and not a profane expression, was *ever* allowed on my stage! Even in Shakespeare's plays I unflinchingly and invariably cut out vulgarity and profanity.

Song: To Exiled Art

BY GEORGE MARION O'DONNELL

Rimbaud, Gauguin, and Gaudier,
Derive such solace as you may
From knowing that you were pursued
By Furies only, not by rude
Dictator, Proletariat,
Congress, Parliament, or Diet.
Ruling or oppressed class
Did not sneer at you *en masse;*
And rationalization can
Show you more blest than Thomas Mann.

But summer heat and winter rain
Ignore alike the ruins of Spain,
Gaudier's hunger-bought stones,
The fever ache in Rimbaud's bones,
Gauguin's sun like a yellow gong,
Beethoven's *Heiliger Dankgesang.*
Converted from its life of crime,
The skull grows paper thin in time;
And thunder from the crawling fly
Rolls in its apostolic sky.

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"THE NATION" AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THE cause of the American novel during the past twenty-five years has often been indebted to *The Nation's* criticism. In *The Nation's* first year its staff included the young William Dean Howells, who there began his long career as the principal exponent of realism in American fiction. Henry James, who did most to make the novel in America and England a conscious form of art, wrote his earliest critical articles for *The Nation.* Though Howells soon moved on to another journal, and James left America for Europe, their doctrines persisted in *The Nation,* which to the end of the century regularly demanded that fiction be truthful and reasonable, without vulgar nonsense or silly romance.

Between 1900 and 1918 *The Nation,* more conservative than formerly, objected to the naturalism which was succeeding the somewhat official realism of Howells and James. Stuart Sherman led the attack on Theodore Dreiser and long kept up a critical feud with Dreiser's defender, H. L. Mencken. But after 1918 *The Nation* had a new critical policy which made Dreiser a contributor and Mencken a contributing editor. Ludwig Lewisohn and Joseph Wood Krutch were brilliantly hospitable to the rising novelists of the post-war years. I wrote the first history of the American novel, parts of which appeared in *The Nation,* and then in 1921 monthly studies of contemporary American writers which were the first systematic survey of the new fiction. Since then *The Nation* has been a sturdy friend of the American novel in its most vigorous undertakings.

Going over my history of the American novel lately for a new edition,* I found there had been more changes in twenty years than year by year I had quite realized. In 1920, when I wrote the original book, Howells died, Henry James's letters—so far his chief biography—appeared, and Mark Twain was made, by Van Wyck Brooks, the center of a critical argument that touched all of American literature. Howells's death seemed to mark the end of a period, and as in "The American Novel" I had closed the account with 1900, so in "Contemporary American Novelists" I confined myself to the two decades 1900-20. But 1920 marked the beginning of a new period, for it was the year of "Main Street."

This was followed by the most varied decade in American fiction: "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Dodsworth"; Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"; Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" (1919) and "The Silver Stallion"; Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" and "The Romantic Comedians"; the four novels of Elinor Wylie. The decade saw the emergence of John Dos Passos in "Three Soldiers" and "Manhattan Transfer," and the triumph of Ernest Hemingway in "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms." It saw F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" and "The Great Gatsby," Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man," the ironic pastorals of Robert Nathan, and Thomas Wolfe's magnificent "Look Homeward, Angel."

Now that the screen has discovered the Roaring Twenties, I suppose that decade will settle into history as a kind of rival to the Gay Nineties, and strict justice will be done to neither. But the decade 1919-29 is in 1940 remote enough to be seen in critical perspective. The essential difference—so far as novels are concerned—between it and the decade following is that the twenties made Main Street a proverbial term, and the thirties did this with Tobacco Road. That is, dulness was the established villain of the twenties, poverty of the thirties. In the prosperous years it seemed ridiculous that men should give all their thoughts to getting enough to eat and wear and a place to sleep. But by 1937, when John Steinbeck published "Of Mice and Men," these desires had come to seem romantic, almost heroic. George and Lennie longed for a little farm of their own as Carol Kennicott longed for wit and beauty in the village.

The most characteristic novels of the thirties have had a proletarian cast: Dos Passos's trilogy "U. S. A.," Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." Though Pearl Buck went to China for the setting of "The Good Earth," and Margaret Mitchell turned back to the Civil War for the time of "Gone with the Wind," they too dealt with the problems of poverty and desperate survival. In this they have of course only done what realistic fiction normally does: they have worked with their eyes upon the most actual life they knew. But they have also, though this is usually overlooked, done what American fiction has been doing from the first. They have gone on discovering layer under layer of American life and bringing it to the light. There has been no break in the process. It has merely turned up materials that are still so new as to seem strange. I expect that in ten years "Tobacco Road" will seem no more startling than "Main Street."

* "The American Novel, 1789-1939." Revised and Enlarged Edition. The Macmillan Company.

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In 1920 there had been two outstanding periods in the history of the American novel: the one dominated by Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, and Melville, and the one dominated by Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James. By 1940 a third outstanding period has been added, that of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, and Thomas Wolfe. Nobody can now know how this third period will look in another twenty years, what names may have fallen out or what names been added. But I think it will still stand up beside the first two.

The Danger of Being Mr. Laski

THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN: AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press. $2.75.

THIS collection of random essays offers an excellent introduction to the subject of Harold Laski. It is like his conversation in that it ranges adventurously in space, and scale. Here we have a tribute to the late Justice Holmes presented cheek by jowl with a study of the committee system in English local government and an essay on law and justice in Soviet Russia. Laski is equally adept in letting the tail wag the dog or the dog wag the tail; he mixes impudence and gravity, presumption and deference, a yearning for sweeping, monistic solutions and a passionate insistence on the right to disagree. In animal terms he is both dog and cat, one-half cocker-spaniel friendliness and one-half plain feline suspicion and curiosity. Laski never does things by halves; he always does things by doubles.

Taken by themselves, the essays in this ideal introduction to Laski aren't exactly world-shaking in their importance. The title piece, on The Dangers of Being a Gentleman: Reflections on the Ruling Class in England, was written in 1932; subsequent English history has reduced it to a series of amusingly phrased platitudes. The paper called On the Study of Politics is a noble statement of Laski's credo as a teacher: it should be required reading in every graduate school of political science. Law and Justice in Soviet Russia recalls the fact that Soviet criminal law is as enlightened as Kremlin political justice is crude, immoral, and loathsome; it should be a valuable reminder to anti-Stalinists who are in danger of tossing out a few worth-while Russian babies along with the feculent bath water of Holy Joe. The essay on The Judicial Function elaborates the obvious point that judges can't be revolutionists, inasmuch as it ain't legal to make up a new constitution and proclaim it from the bench on the spur of the moment. In writing on The English Constitution and French Public Opinion, 1789-1794 and The Committee System in English Local Government, Laski is the precise artist in research; in Nationalism and the Future of Civilization (a lecture dating back to 1932) there is a pathetic wishful-thinking tribute to the League of Nations and the coming world community. Finally, the delightful gift horse, Mr. Justice Holmes: For His Eighty-ninth Birthday, can be looked at in the mouth by anybody.

Obviously, there is no way of reviewing the matter presented by such a diverse Laski in the little space at my disposal: one can't equate Justice Holmes with the Durham County Council for neat synoptic treatment. The student of Laski's manner, however, can note the sources of the man's strength and weakness as a philosopher using the King's English. Like all courteous men Laski gets away with murder. At heart he is a dogmatist and a monist, part of the tyrannical Hegelian tradition that has taken the Western radical movement to Moscow and Berlin. Yet the dogmatist interlards his pages with a hundred tentative, deferential I-hazard-the-judgments and if-I-may-so-phrase-its. Laski is never "unmindful" of the "gallant attempts" of lesser mortals to arrive at certainty. When he means "often," he says "not seldom." When he wants to call a man or a movement great, he remarks that he or it is "not the least noble." The result is insidious: you are lulled, soothed—and bound and delivered before you can wake to the danger.

"The Danger of Being a Gentleman: And Other Essays" contains only one real fallacy. But that is the supreme fallacy of thinking that men can stand "pure" systems. I may be no great shakes as a prophet, but four thousand years of recorded history prove to me the opposite: men don't like consistent social systems and will never put up with "purity" for long. They like a cross-play of competition and mutualism, of private ownership and public, and that is what they are going to have. Laski, of course, believes in the "laws" of Marx, even unto the "law of motion" of capitalism. But Laski is, like all monists, a creature of assumptions. It is true that he states his assumptions in casual, deferential language. But understatement does not necessarily make a scientist. One can understate fallacies, too.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Good Morning

ART YOUNG: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Art Young. New York: Sheridan House. $3.50.

THERE is no one like Art Young as an individual or as an artist. In drawing, his style is as unadorned as was that of Tom Paine in pamphleteering, with the same effect of the spoken word. There should be "no whispering in art," he says. "Whatever the artist has to say he ought to say out loud," and his own voice has been clear. A kind of abstract literalism belongs to his cartoons, with the Good Morning touch, an unbuttoned merriment or gaiety that comes out in some of the most savage of them. The quality is in the style: witness the light mechanics of Fixing up the World War Soldiers.

Some years ago he gave us a partial record called "On My Way," with its alternative and equally characteristic title, "All Right So Far." Now we have a copious autobiography from his early years in Monroe, Wisconsin, where he cleaned lamp chimneys in his father's store and listened to old-timers telling highly variegated stories round the drum stove. He had a pony, was inclined to shun work on the farm, and began to draw. His budding talent was well regarded in the village. At a lecture on Doré at the opera house one of the girls leaned over and said, "This ought to interest you, Artie." Later, when he came home from Paris to recover from a severe illness they gave him a strawberry festival.

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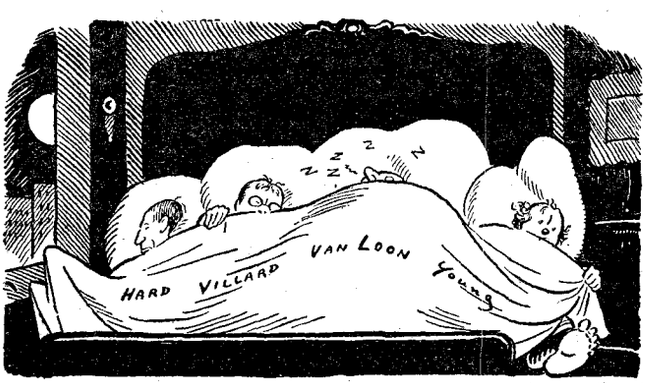
His youthful stay in Paris wasn't very long, and it seems not to have left much of a print on his mind or his work. For a time he joined a little group of traveling entertainers of a homespun variety, sketching famous people in charcoal while Signor Tommaso played the mandolin. There is more of this than of Julien's in his work still. Young was such a hit that large posters were printed showing him at work surrounded by his sketches, with the caption, "Good Morning, have you seen Art Young?" The impresario argued—and how quaintly the words ring out—"We've got to do it that way, Art. Everybody does it."

Before this Young had made drawings for a trade paper in Chicago, the *Nimble Nickel,* but it was inevitable, perhaps because of talk around the drum stove, that he should have found a place as a political cartoonist. Even the newspaper might have been prophesied from Monroe, Wisconsin. It was the old Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* known throughout the Middle West as the farmers' Bible. This was long before Art Young became an adventurer in radicalism. These were years, in the middle eighties, when Jay Gould was frequently quoted as saying, "I could hire half the working class to kill the other half"; when the Knights of Labor were putting up a bold fight; when the Haymarket trials came to their tragic end.

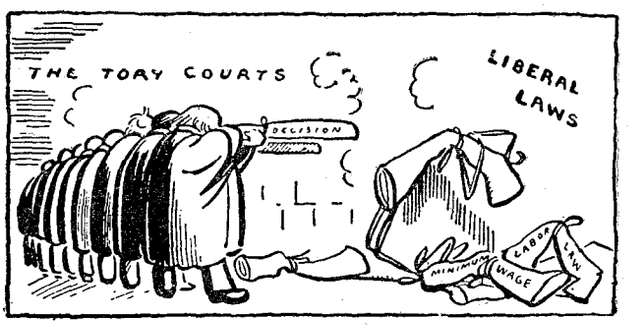
It is an engaging aspect of this narrative that Art Young makes no pretense at wisdom after the fact. "When I came from the country I had a strong belief that the newspapers in the cities were oracles, beacon lights." His disillusionments, his concern with the struggles of labor came for the most part after he moved to New York. There he began to draw for a good many papers, radical and otherwise, perpetrating jokes and propounding social criticism with an even hand. From time to time he was occupied with what he called his Hell books, which perhaps derived less from Doré than from Bob Ingersoll. He insists that in drawing he was influenced by Doré, and mentions his study of Cruikshank, Leech, and other English cartoonists, modestly disregarding the fact that the style which he evolved was of a different order from that of any of these artists, though they may have strengthened his drive toward satire. He knew Thomas Nast, greatly admired his work, and studied it, yet there is hardly a trace of Nast in Art Young's cartoons; nor is he at all like his American contemporaries, Robert Minor or Walt McDougall, for example, whose themes were often in later years related to his.

Soon after the war and his acquittal in the *Masses* trial he created a well-remembered paper of his own, *Good Morning,*



Art Young — *The Nation,* June 18, 1924

The Nation's *Representatives at the Republican Convention in Cleveland*



Art Young — *The Nation,* July 4, 1923

"a weekly burst of humor, satire, and fun—with now and then a fleeting beam of wisdom." "There was never any business management," he said, but the editors put on a festival or two. Probably Art Young could not have continued to draw so freely without such improbable ventures. He has the Good Morning temperament with an inability to accept shackles, whether in personal relations or the solid base of a good publishing connection, or even among like-minded workers in the causes to which he was pledged. He began to draw for *The Nation* in 1922, trenchantly. His output in these years was diversified and prolific.

Some day we must have a full harvest of these drawings which so lightly gave a sharp edge to much of the radical thought of a quickly changing period. But this generous autobiography makes a compelling chronicle with its many reproductions, its shrewd humor, its dry understatement, its straightforward account of a myriad events and of Art Young's life.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Force and Reason in Politics

PROLOGUE TO POLITICS. By Charles E. Merriam. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE theme of Professor Merriam's sane and thoughtful little book is the relation of force to reason in politics. This is, in a sense, the basic theme of political science; for it is the business of politics so to organize the vitalities of human existence that a "commonwealth" will be created out of the conflicting forces and interests of human life, a task which has never been achieved in history without setting force, as the instrument of order, against force as the instrument of anarchy. The basic problem of politics is how to prevent the force which is an instrument of order on one level of social organization from becoming the instrument of either anarchy or tyranny on the next level of social integration. *"Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?"*

For this problem Professor Merriam rightly has no simple answer: "Somewhere between the doctrine that force has no place in human association and the doctrine that force is the god of human relations lies the truth. In the ideal state physical violence would be unnecessary and out of date, but in the practical state a way must be found for the organization and canalization of such violence as may be inevitable at a given time." (Professor Merriam means by "violence" what Bertrand Russell means by "naked power," the application of physical coercion to secure unwilling obedience.)

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The "somewhere between" is essentially a form of social organization which subordinates the use of force to the creation and preservation of universal standards dictated by reason, but which does not dispense with force when these standards are imperiled by civilization or by conditions of decay within itself. "We wish to defend our way of life," Professor Merriam declares, "and we will defend it; but we must be prepared to examine the implications of the organization of violence in subordination to the organization of consent."

These implications are examined with great shrewdness and discernment; and the examination ranges from the relation of military to civil authorities to the possibility of creating a world state and the task of achieving a culture in which political authority will stand under inner moral, as well as outer social, checks.

In analyzing the various possibilities of subordinating the organization of violence to the organization of consent, Professor Merriam tends to forget that the very necessity of force, even in a subordinate form, is evidence of the persistence of non-rational forces in human society side by side with the rational. He becomes quite lyrical in expressing an essentially nineteenth-century faith in the possibility of extending rational consent indefinitely in human society to the point where non-rational factors are practically eliminated. He is prepared to stand by his "brave words" about a new temple of common justice which he sees in the future, even if his critic should meet him "in a concentration camp or army hospital." In that case he would merely answer the critics' jibes with the word "Patience." This is all very well, but one would like to ask what happened to the world which began to dream in the eighteenth century of just such a gradual achievement of perfect justice? And why is Europe today at the mercy of crude political religions in which force is worshiped as a self-justifying political reality?

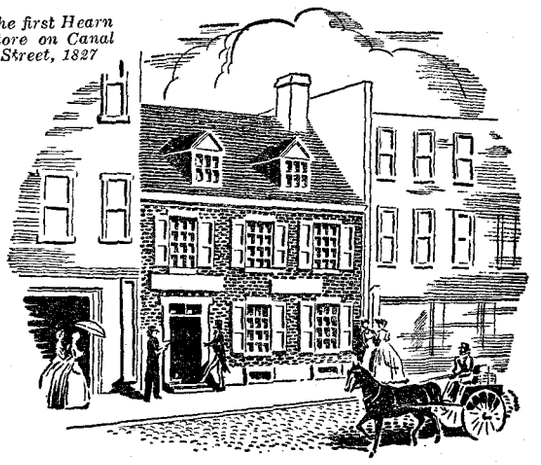
Is it possible that our culture thought too simply of the non-rational elements in politics as "animal" factors which would be ultimately transcended? Or was it, perhaps, too blind to the elements of "chaos" which persist in even the highest political cosmos, and which had better be beguiled rather than neglected lest they erupt and inundate the cosmos? Surely our present crisis is something more than a mere momentary backsliding into "animal" nature in the general line of advance toward a completely rational society.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Katherine Mansfield

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WITH the publication of the present volume J. Middleton Murry has conceivably reached the bottom of the Katherine Mansfield trunk. There can hardly be much more to come in that long labor of self-love which Mr. Murry has practiced during the many years since Katherine Mansfield's death. Yet, though this is indeed a book of scraps—unposted letters, unfinished stories, quotations from books, marginalia, jottings—it is a book much worth having. It is something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• DOUBLEDAY, DORAN •

richly and curiously personal, and it reveals someone who was specially concerned with being a woman and specially dedicated to being a writer. Nor is the book's scrappiness much of a drawback, since Katherine Mansfield was a creature of flashes and swift perceptions, and this volume is largely one of both.

I have not read any of Katherine Mansfield's stories in a long time, and I remember very few of them well. In the heyday of her celebrity they seemed to me overrated. She became a cult and a touchstone, and had better have been neither. A failing memory takes refuge in a phrase, and I should be disposed to think back on Katherine Mansfield as a gifted water-colorist, were I not aware that she was far too intense a person to be merely an exquisite one. Yet the delicacy, the poignancy, the subtle observation in her work have become, for me, a kind of aura rather than a sharp impression. It is something in her that provides the interest of the sketches and stories brought together in this Scrapbook. One, so to speak, watches her searching for a phrase, or nailing an emotion, or capturing a gesture; the phrase, the emotion, the gesture themselves mean less. And it is odd that this should be so, seeing that Katherine Mansfield was so determinedly "objective" a writer.

Of most interest in the book are the literary comments and autobiographical jottings. Katherine Mansfield copied out many passages from books she read—notably from Dostoevski and Chekhov, who had so much to give her, but also from people like Coleridge and Dr. Johnson. Reading the letters of Chekhov and Keats, both of them tuberculous, she "read between the lines," found a dozen affinities of thought and feeling. There is some comment on her contemporaries. Lawrence's "The Lost Girl" aroused her anger; she was keen at spotting his phony side and protested violently over such rubbish as the heroine's feeling "a trill in her bowels" when she found herself with child. She thought the voices of the singers in Barrie's "Mary Rose" were "like celestial gargling." She wrote of "Ulysses": "I'm dead against it. I suppose it was worth doing if everything is worth doing . . . but that is certainly not what I want from literature."

Here, as in the Letters and the Journal, one feels the woman's tense aliveness. She had what Bagehot said Macaulay did not have—an "experiencing nature." She lived intensely—and yet very observantly—not least because she so much thirsted to live. She had a capacity for joy, but life, as time went on, became a struggle against so many joyless things—against a horrible illness, against loneliness, against disillusionment in love. Since Mr. Murry himself has released this material, I see no reason why one should not comment on the additional evidence it offers of Katherine Mansfield's relations with him. He could make her very happy; he could also make her extraordinarily unhappy. The situation was plainly a difficult one. She was ill, overobservant, overwrought. He was not very much gifted with selflessness, or perhaps even with sympathy.

> I cough and cough. . . . And J. is silent. "This is what she is doing to me! Every fresh sound makes *my* nerves wince." . . . If he could only for a minute, serve me, help me, give *himself* up. I can so imagine an account by him of a "calamity." "I could do nothing all day, *my* hands trembled, I had a sensation of *utter* cold . . ." and so on,

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> At such times I feel I could never get well with him. It's like having a cannon-ball tied to one's feet when one is trying not to drown.

Or again:

> A day passed in the usual violent agitation, such as J. only can fling me into. Now, he will come. There's no stopping him. But it's put down to my wanting him. . . . His very frankness is a falsity. In fact, it seems falser than his insincerity.

In spite of all the troubles that beset the woman, disturbed her, uprooted her, the artist in Katherine Mansfield persisted, unalloyed, to the end. She was what one might once have spoken of, without seeming to use a silly phrase, as a pure flame. Her work as writer was an endless stalking of feelings, perceptions, language; it revealed—whatever its limitations, either in impulse or achievement—that amoral integrity which is the peculiar mark of the artist. "The moment of direct feeling when we are most ourselves and least personal" —it was this she understood as a reward in life, and sought, and gladly suffered for. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The English Book of Oxford Verse

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. 1250—1918. Second Edition. Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford University Press. $3.

"THE Oxford Book of English Verse" has passed too many birthdays with unruffled dignity to make its arrival at a fortieth an occasion for reckless public festivity. Indeed, the publishers' refusal to modify the contents of this standard-setting and official Oxford model of verse anthologies has apparently been a token of the solemnly canonical spirit in which it was first given to the world in 1900. It would be pleasant to use the second edition of the second most famous and influential English book of its kind as an opportunity to discuss the changes in the fortunes and intelligence of poetry, its swiftly altering attitudes and conceptions, during one of the most eventful and mercurial periods of its history. But no such review is possible. Less even than Palgrave is Quiller-Couch an editor in whose taste or acumen are focused the essential values and proportions of poetic history and quality. His tastes are romantic, domestic, and Victorian; his touch has the limp and tactful caution of an academic hand; he disturbed no courtesies or reverences forty years ago and he doesn't do so now. No unsympathetic opinion of his original work is likely to be changed by this revision or by the two pages of rickety charm and donnish sidestepping which he supplies as a Foreword. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" was never a distinguished anthology, and its editor's discreet refusal to profit by the critical discoveries of the past half-century and to correct his "insecure judgment amid post-war poetry" by a little outside help or reading has reduced it to a nondescript one.

A page-by-page collation of the 1,100-page book reveals that the new edition has profited in a number of ways by the work of recent scholarship. Its sections of Middle English lyrics and popular ballads have been greatly extended; its treatment of the seventeenth-century mystical and meta-

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physical poets has been shaped up to greater justice and distinction; two poems formerly credited to Donne are removed and two authentic works substituted; several beautiful lyrics have been dropped ("Come, Sleep, with thy sweet deceiving," formerly credited to Fletcher, is one), but some excerpts from the Towneley plays, the Anglo-French love letters, and several exquisite medieval relics have been included (one being "Icham of Irlaunde"); the entries of Skelton, Spenser, Jonson, Marvell, Vaughan, Dryden, Prior, and Landor have been enlarged; and altogether about 60 poems and 15 poets have been omitted and about 200 poems have been added or substituted for those omitted. The most notable change comes, of course, in the inclusion of poems through Armistice Day, 1918 (these not being restricted, however, to poets who died before that date, the usual British prejudice against living poets having been lifted even in the 1900 edition), and there are even "a few numbers by later poets who, whether consciously or not, had indicated before that date the trend of their genius." In 1900 Quiller-Couch did not find it necessary to stop short at the year 1878, but today his insecure judgment "amid post-war poetry" has urged him to play safe by keeping modern verse at the polite distance of a quarter-century.

This caution, combined with the above-noted improvements of earlier pages, might have stood in his favor as a sign of judicial modesty had it saved him from choking the authentic values of English poetry by the bogus ones or from allowing the historical proportions of his earlier sections to fall to pieces. For what is one to make of an anthology that allows Chaucer space for only three slight lyrics, Pope for three short poems, Thomson for eight lines, Goldsmith for sixteen, Cowper for two lyrics, Crabbe for three brief items, and Whitman for two short poems covering about one page, when it finds space for ten pages of Scott, two of Ebenezer Elliott, seven of George Darley, eleven of Tom Hood, five of William Bell Scott's "Witch's Ballad," *twelve* of James Hogg's interminable "Kilmeny," and ten of Robert Bridges (against six of Hardy, three of Hopkins, and two—all of immature youthful work—of Yeats)? Mrs. Browning is allowed seven pages, the Honorable Emily Lawless and Mme Duclaux one each, Mary E. Coleridge three, and Laurence Binyon four, while Emily Dickinson gets eight lines for one lyric.

The contemporary section might again have ended with the year 1900 for all Quiller-Couch has learned in the past forty years. He keeps his Victorian section littered with the remains of Ebenezer Jones, William Brightly Rands, William Philpot, Sydney Dobell, Walter C. Smith, Henry Clarence Kendall, and Bliss Carmen, and his twentieth-century pages, which show no trace of Synge, Robinson, Lawrence, Pound, Ford, Frost, Eliot, Lindsay, Sandburg, Masters, Stevens, or the imagists—all of whom had emerged by 1918—are crowded with the pathetic relics of Henry Newbolt, Norman Gale, J. S. Phillimore, John Alexander Chapman, Herbert Edward Palmer, Lascelles Abercrombie, and Wilfrid Grenfell. There is no need to refine these scores and statistics further.

Nor is there much point in bringing up the issue of personal preferences or popular favoritism in connection with such intransigence. Its defects are rudimentary beyond even

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these crude defenses. Such editing is the work of an incurably provincial, insensitively academic, and wholly unoriginal and uncritical cast of mind. Some anthologies—Verlaine's "Poètes Maudits," Moore's "Pure Poetry," Pound's "Profile," and Yeats's autobiographical "Modern Verse"—have the virtues of a distinctly and defensibly personal "criticism by selection." They defend their bias or eccentricity on grounds of a special insight or prejudice, and sometimes they fix a date in literary history. Obviously the "Oxford Book" never pretended to this kind of value, but even on the basis of classic or historical proportions, its ineptitude and callousness are so extreme as to make it miss every opportunity for value except that indicated by standard acceptance—and even here its treatment of Marlowe, Pope, Thomson, Crabbe, and Yeats wrenches that criterion beyond recognition at crucial points of poetic history. Moreover, the whole volume, good sections with bad, is somehow stricken by a blight of aesthetic timidity, nationalist emphasis, and academic condescension which would make it an embarrassing article for exportation from any country but England. To readers who move beyond these confines and are even moderately aware of what has been thought and said to any intelligent purpose in the world of literature or ideas during the past half-century, the day of the "Oxford Book" may be considered done. Its 1900 edition was a landmark in Victorian taste, and except as a headstone or monument of Victorian taste it is difficult to promise its successor another forty years of life.

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Mr. Llewellyn (his full name is Richard D. V. Llewellyn Lloyd) is of course a native of Wales, who, though he has lived much more nomadically than his hero and has restlessly turned his hand to a dozen widely different arts and trades, is probably working a rich vein of personal recollection for many of his full-bodied people, with their intense national pride, in whom a fervent devotion to Queen Victoria as a symbol of the British Empire mingles strangely with a stubborn attachment to the spirit of old Owen Glendower: Wales for the Welsh, and to hell with the English and their heartless money-grubbing, and with all renegade Welshmen who shame their ancestors by aping English manners and trying to import the English tongue. Like all Celtic peoples, they love singing and a good fight, either physical or moral; and their quickness to avenge their honor with their fists is

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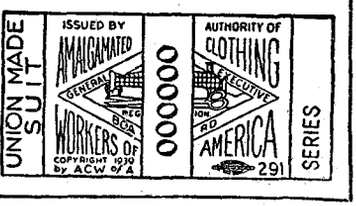

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Without sugar-coating any part of the life it depicts, "How Green Was My Valley" leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is a poetic novel from beginning to end.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

How I Stand It

I HAVE been reviewing plays for *The Nation* since 1924. My friends and acquaintances are, I find, divided into two classes, those who envy me the steady stream of free tickets and those who exclaim frankly, "How on earth do you stand it?" The latter are very frequently reviewers of books, and they plainly imply a certain condescension. For once I am going to assume that the question is not purely rhetorical and answer it. The first play I reviewed for *The Nation* was "What Price Glory?" by the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings; the most recent was "Two on an Island," by Elmer Rice. Neither of these seemed to me particularly hard to stand, and I am, as I might as well confess, not one of those who take it for granted that the drama of the last fifteen years has plainly operated on an artistic level lower than that of contemporary literature as a whole.

I saw my first play, a rural melodrama entitled "Si Plunket," at the age of five, and I have been going to the theater pretty continuously and pretty frequently ever since. That does not mean, however, that I am in the slightest degree what is called "stage-struck." I am not, that is to say, susceptible to what is referred to as the "glamour" of the theater. The profession of playwright or of actor does not seem to me any more romantic than the other artistic professions. In fact, temperament, grease paint, and dressing-rooms tend to bore me, and I find the actor or actress who trades on his aura tiresome rather than thrilling on the stage. Only recently I was rebuked in print for not sufficiently sharing

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the excitement which many find in bad plays when they create considerable public enthusiasm, but I am no more ashamed of not liking a bad play than I am of not liking a bad best-seller. I admire plays for their literary quality, and productions for their success in creating an artistic effect not obtainable in any other way. This does not mean that I like only the grave or the portentous. Comedy seems to me one of the most admirable of all the inventions of the human spirit, and in general I enjoy what Charles Lamb calls "the cheerful uses of the playhouse," which certainly include the provision of farces and musical extravaganzas. It does mean, however, that I see no reason why some special kind of allowance must be made for some sort of tawdriness or flimsiness assumed to be almost inseparable from the theater. What is more important, it means also that I am not aware that the failure to make such an allowance has made fifteen years of professional playgoing hard to bear.

That the American drama, considered as a literary form, hardly existed before the twentieth century is no doubt in part due to the fact that until comparatively recently convention required on the stage both a moral and an intellectual timidity from which the novel had escaped. But many of those who are willing to admit that this condition no longer exists and even that the contemporary drama has indubitably become an important part of contemporary literature, nevertheless, continue to feel that the dramatic form involves limitations which, on the whole, work against the dramatist and encourage flimsiness or triviality. Now it so happens that I have during the last three years had occasion to make for myself a sort of survey of the thirty or forty most recommended novels of the season, and with all due respect to those to whom the opinion will seem monstrous, I have found them artistically less impressive than the plays of the same season. There are always, to be sure, a certain number of works of fiction, so called, which are discursively topical in a way that plays seldom are or can be. But whatever value this kind of writing may have, it is not an artistic one, and a large number of the "novels" are actually historical, biographical, or sociological discourses put into pseudo-fictional form, not because that form renders them intrinsically more effective, but only because a lazy reading public likes to take its history or its sociology childishly disguised by the formula "once upon a time."

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the more nearly formless a literary form is and the fewer restraints it puts upon a writer the more favorable it is to important literary expression. The novel as currently written is so often nearly without form as to permit its author a casualness in dealing with his material fatal to any genuinely artistic effect, and it is apparently possible for a publishable novel to be written by a person who gives no sign of recognizable literary gifts of any kind. No play is, on the other hand, even producible unless the author is master at least of a certain minimum skill in the more mechanical aspects of craftsmanship, and for that reason it is very rare to see a play which is, in this elementary sense, as badly written as a good half of published novels, many of which might just as effectively begin somewhere else, end somewhere else, and be developed

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through a totally different course of incidents. Nor do I see any evidence that the author who can rise above the merely mechanical elements of craftsmanship usually finds in the relatively rigid requirements of the dramatic form any difficulties the mastering of which does not contribute to, rather than detract from, the final artistic effectiveness of his work. The limitation of length necessitates careful selection and condensations; the necessity for climaxes necessitates the bringing of his conceptions to a focus; and there comes a moment when the intended effect must be produced without the fumbling of which the majority of novelists, obviously themselves often uncertain in what scene, if any, their prime intention is fully revealed, are very commonly guilty.

I am not trying to argue that all novels would be better as plays. I am not raising the question whether the greatest play is better than the best novel. In the really supreme works of fiction the author handles an enormously complex and relatively free form with a mastery of which the elements are less easy to analyze than are those of the drama. But in the hands of the casual practitioner the form of the novel is not a form at all, and the "importance" found in a large number of current novels is an importance inherent only in a subject matter which, in many cases, could be more effectively presented as treatise or discussion. I stand current plays very well; I stand them better than I could stand an equal number of current novels, for the simple reason that I find in them more art.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

A COMMENTATOR on the musical scene—on the music, and on the ideas, the activities, the institutions which music brings into existence—is, I pointed out a while ago, bound to concern himself with other men's comment, since this is itself a part of the scene and a part that in considerable degree determines the rest. Criticism is one of the things that have interested me as a critic; it is the thing I am interested in as I look back on the eighteen years in which, at intervals, I have written for *The Nation.*

The critic has important functions: as a mere reporter, an appraiser of the particular musical event, he has the duty to give his reader not only an honest judgment but the basis of this judgment, the ideas about music and performance which will add up in the reader's mind to musical understanding, to a basis for his own judgment; the particular event gives the critic the occasion to consider the actual working of this organization or that institution in the light of what would be desirable; and events that determine the working of an institution, its structure, its very existence, are occasions for the critic to speak not only to his readers but for them. How, in those eighteen years; were these functions performed by the critics of important New York newspapers? Badly, I would say, recalling Olin Downes on the *Times,* Deems Taylor and Samuel Chotzinoff on the *World;* and this placed an even greater responsibility on men with the equipment, the position of W. J. Henderson of the *Sun* and Lawrence Gilman of the *Tribune.*

Henderson's competence, honesty, and vigor made him the only first-line critic one could read with respect. Yet Walter Damrosch's career led him to conclude that "a sound musician, who is also a man of energy, generous impulses, and broad outlook, can get well up toward the mountain tops without blowing his alp-horn every moment"—an appraisal which lent force to Shaw's contention that a critic should know no man, that "his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against his." It is an appraisal, moreover, which I draw attention to because it was this sort of treatment, most of it less honest than Henderson's, that enabled Damrosch to do the damage he did.

Henderson not only was uncritical of a friend; he was, in his last years, a little crotchety. Irritated by the commotion over virtuoso conductors he insisted that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the music of Beethoven and Brahms would remain even without Toscanini and even with a conductor of lesser magnitude, though he must have known that orchestra and music would sound different under such a conductor; he cited the excellence which the Boston Symphony had achieved under a single permanent conductor as a reason for the New York Philharmonic to do likewise, though he must have known that the Boston orchestra owed its excellence at least as much to the competence as to the permanence of its conductors. Writing in this way Henderson not only gave his readers incorrect ideas on conductors and orchestral performance but placed powerful arguments in the hands of the people who finally brought about the engagement of Barbirolli as single permanent conductor of the New York Philharmonic, which considerably reduced the orchestra's usefulness to the community.

More reprehensible, however, was Gilman's contribution to the same result. Henderson lived to hear the orchestra and Beethoven and Brahms as they sounded when conducted by Barbirolli, and disapproved. But Gilman, after Barbirolli's first appearance, wrote of a performance of Brahms's Fourth which had torn passion to tatters that it had "set the seal of musical piety and eloquence upon Mr. Barbirolli's gifts as an interpreter"; the modest virtues of some other performances elicited the statement that "the whole magnificent orchestra, strings and wind alike, sang with a clarity and depth and lusciousness of tone, an imaginative choiceness of phrasing and of style"; and Barbirolli himself was elevated into "something better and rarer and finer than a conductor of power and sensibility. He permits us to think that he is akin to those uncommon interpreters who give us a measure of 'that inner standard of distinction, selection, refusal' which an incorruptible artist once defined: who have sifted from experience 'all that seemed beautiful and significant, and have treasured above all things those savings of fine gold.'" With this review Gilman was a great help to the influential people of the Philharmonic Symphony Society who were out to put Barbirolli over—the help, perhaps, that an orchestra's program annotator should be; but he failed in his obligations to his position as critic, to his readers, to the community whose orchestra the Philharmonic was.

He failed in these obligations, though he helped the people on the Metropolitan board, when in 1932 he wrote of the low quality of the Metropolitan's repertory as something imposed on an unsubsidized company by the low taste

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of the opera-going public to which it had to cater, and saluted Gatti-Casazza for his "dauntless action" in giving "Elektra," his "truly heroic idealism" with "Pelléas." For the truth, which Gilman knew, was that after the courageous Hammerstein had given these two works in 1907, the timid Gatti had waited until 1925 for "Pelléas" and 1932 for "Elektra," and that only his low taste and complacency had been responsible for the low level of repertory and performances even in the prosperous years when the opera-going public had eaten out of the Metropolitan's hand. And there were other such failures.

But it was not only when he spoke that Gilman failed; as often the failure was in his silence. The ideas with which Taylor, Chotzinoff, and Downes filled the heads of their readers demanded critical consideration no less than the sounds made by conductors and violinists; but Gilman observed the code of music critics that I described recently: he never mentioned a fellow-critic except to pay him a compliment. In all the years that Chotzinoff blew his penny trumpet on the *World* his performances did not draw a word of comment from Gilman; only when Chotzinoff published "Eroica" did Gilman break his silence, and then only to describe Chotzinoff as a critic with a "quick and warm responsiveness," a "guarding sense of measure and restraint," a style that was "spare, expressive, precise." Nor did Gilman find it necessary to comment on Downes until Downes published the talks he had given in the intermissions of the New York Philharmonic broadcasts. Then, referring to "the largely pretentious and semi-literate gush, rich in ignorance and error," with which Downes's predecessor had disfigured the broadcasts, Gilman quoted a passage by Downes: "In his scores he [Tschaikovsky] cries out, shakes his fist at the skies, remembers the agony of thwarted love, and the end of every man's desire. Admire such a man, such a neurotic, such a pessimist? I adore him, and rate him a thousand times higher than aesthetes who have never known Tschaikovsky's weakness and terror, who shudder at such emotional indecencies, and pull their skirts together at the sound of them." And of this Gilman wrote: "This is the right note, admirably skilful in its manner of insinuating information, yet never relapsing . . . from the plane of thought and feeling appropriate to a great subject."

Moreover, it was, as Gilman said, important that radio listeners who were hearing symphonic music for the first time be assisted with correct information and discriminating comment; yet this was the first time that he referred to the gush and ignorance with which Downes's predecessor had misled them for several years. The obligation of the music critic to concern himself with the broadcasting and recording of music, Gilman observed correctly on another occasion, was inescapable; yet he evaded it: he did not write a word about the program policies of the broadcasting stations, the rubbish that was spoken with the music, and he did not review records; nor, as a result, did anyone else review them in the *Herald Tribune* until quite recently.

Evidently, in the criticism of the past eighteen years there is little to recall with pleasure or respect.

B. H. HAGGIN

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

A Day's Work

[*Continued from page* 207]

"Whatever it was," said Mrs. Halloran, "it stands instead of a dollar to me. So just drop it."

"You've got tomorrow's potatoes sewed up in your pocket this minute, and God knows what sums in that black box wherever you hide it, besides the life savings," said Mr. Halloran. "I earned this half-dollar on relief, and it's going to be spent properly. And I'll not be back for supper, so you'll save on that, too. So long, Lacey Mahaffy, I'm off."

"If you never come back, it will be all the same," said Mrs. Halloran, not looking up.

"If I came back with a pocket full of money, you'd be glad to see me," said Mr. Halloran.

"It would want to be a great sum," said Mrs. Halloran.

Mr. Halloran shut the door behind him with a fine slam. He strolled out into the clear fall weather, a late afternoon sun warming his neck and brightening the old red-brick, high-stooped houses of Perry Street. He would go after all these years to Billy's Place, he might find some luck there. He took his time, though, speaking to the neighbors as he went. "Good afternoon, Mr. Halloran." "Good afternoon to you, Missis Caffery." . . . "It's fine weather for the time of year, Mr. Gogarty." "It is indeed, Mr. Halloran." Mr. Halloran thrived on these civilities, he loved to flourish his hat and give a hearty good day like a man who has nothing on his mind. Ah, there was the young man from the G. and I. store around the corner. He knew what kind of job Mr. Halloran once held there. "Good day, Mr. Halloran." "Good day to you, Mr. McInerny, how's business holding up with you?" "Good for the times, Mr. Halloran, that's the best I can say." "Things are not getting any better, Mr. McInerny." "It's the truth we are all hanging on by the teeth now, Mr. Halloran."

Soothed by this acknowledgment of man's common misfortune Mr. Halloran greeted the young cop at the corner. The cop, with his quick eyesight, was snatching a read from a newspaper on the stand across the sidewalk. "How do you do, Young O'Fallon," asked Mr. Halloran, "is your business lively these days?"

"Quiet as the tomb itself on this block," said Young O'Fallon. "But that's a sad thing about Connolly, now." His eyes motioned toward the newspaper.

"Is he dead?" asked Mr. Halloran; "I haven't been out until now, I didn't see the papers."

"Ah, not yet," said Young O'Fallon, "but the G-men are after him, it looks they'll get him surely this time."

"Connolly in bad with the G-men? Holy Jesus," said Mr. Halloran, "who will they go after next? The meddlers."

"It's that numbers racket," said the cop. "What's the harm, I'd like to know? A man must get his money from somewhere when he's in politics. They oughta give him a chance."

"Connolly's a great fellow, God bless him, I hope he gives them the slip," said Mr. Halloran, "I hope he goes right through their hands like a greased pig."

"He's smart," said the cop, "That Connolly's a smooth one. He'll come out of it."

Ah, will he though? Mr. Halloran asked himself. Who is safe if Connolly goes under? Wait till I give Lacey Mahaffy

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the news about Connolly, I'll like seeing her face the first time in twenty years. Lacey kept saying, "A man is a downright fool must be a crook to get rich. Plenty of the best people get rich and do no harm by it. Look at the Connollys now, good practical Catholics with nine children and more to come if God sends them, and Mass every day, and they're rolling in wealth richer than your McCorkery's with all their wickedness." So there you are, Lacey Mahaffy, wrong again, and welcome to your pious Connollys. Still and all it was Connolly who had given Gerald McCorkery his start in the world; McCorkery had been publicity man and then campaign manager for Connolly, in the days when Connolly had Tammany in the palm of his hand and the sky was the limit. And McCorkery had begun at the beginning, God knows. He was running a little basement place first, rent almost nothing, where the boys of the Connolly Club and the Little Tammany Association, just the mere fringe of the district, you might say, could drop in for quiet evenings for a game and a drink along with the talk. Nothing low, nothing but what was customary, with the house taking a cut on the winnings and a fine profit on the liquor, and holding the crowd together. Many was the big plan hatched there came out well for everybody. For everybody but myself, and why was that? And when McCorkery says to me, "You can take over now and run the place for the McCorkery Club," ah, there was my chance and Lacey Mahaffy wouldn't hear of it, and with Maggie coming on just then it wouldn't do to excite her.

Mr. Halloran went on, following his feet that knew the way to Billy's Place, head down, not speaking to passersby any more, but talking it out with himself again, again. What a track to go over seeing clearly one by one the crossroads where he might have taken a different turn that would have changed all his fortunes; but no, he had gone the other way and now it was too late. She wouldn't say a thing but "It's not right and you know it, Halloran," so what could a man do in all? Ah, you could have gone on with your rightful affairs like any other man, Halloran, it's not the woman's place to decide such things; she'd have come round once she saw the money, or a good whack on the backsides would have put her in her place. Never had mortal woman needed a good thrashing worse than Lacey Mahaffy, but he could never find it in his heart to give it to her for her own good. That was just another of your many mistakes, Halloran. But there was always the life-long job with the G. and I. and peace in the house more or less. Many a man envied me in those days I remember, and I was resting easy on the savings and knowing with that and the pension I could finish out my life with some little business of my own. "What came of that?" Mr. Halloran inquired in a low voice, looking around him. Nobody answered. You know well what came of it, Halloran. You were fired out like a delivery boy, two years before your time was out. Why did you sit there watching the trick being played on others before you, knowing well it could happen to you and never quite believing what you saw with your own eyes? G. and I. gave me my start, when I was green in this country, and they were my own kind or I thought so. Well, it's done now. Yes, it's done now, but there was all the years you could have cashed in on the numbers game with the best of them, helping collect the

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protection money and taking your cut. You could have had a fortune by now in Lacey's name, safe in the bank. It was good quiet profit and none the wiser. But they're wiser now, Halloran, don't forget; still it's a lump of grief and disappointment to swallow all the same. The game's up with Connolly, maybe; Lacey Mahaffy had said, "Numbers is just another way of stealing from the poor, and you weren't born to be a thief like that McCorkery." Ah God no, Halloran, you were born to rot on relief and maybe that's honest enough for her. That Lacey— A fortune in her name would have been no good to me whatever. She's got all the savings tied up, such as they are, she'll pinch and she'll starve, she'll wash dirty clothes first, she won't give up a penny to live on. She has stood in my way, McCorkery, like a skeleton rattling its bones, and you were right about her, she has been my ruin. "Ah, it's not too late yet, Halloran," said McCorkery, appearing plain as day inside Mr. Halloran's head with the same old face and way with him, "Never say die, Halloran. Elections are coming on again, it's a busy time for all, there's work to be done and you're the very man I'm looking for. Why didn't you come to me sooner, you know I never forget an old friend. You don't deserve your ill fortune, Halloran," McCorkery told him; "I said so to others and I say it now to your face, never did man deserve more of the world than you, Halloran, but the truth is, there's not always enough good luck to go round; but it's your turn now, and I've got a job for you up to your abilities at last. For a man like you, there's nothing to it at all, you can toss it off with one hand tied, Halloran, and good money in it. Organization work, just among your own neighbors, where you're known and respected for a man of your word and an old friend of Gerald McCorkery. Now look, Halloran," said Gerald McCorkery, tipping him the wink, "do I need to say more? It's voters in large numbers we're after, Halloran, and you're to bring them in, alive or dead. Keep your eye on the situation at all times and get in touch with me when necessary. And name your figure in the way of money. And come up to the house sometimes, Halloran, why don't you? Rosie has asked me a hundred times, 'Whatever went with Halloran, the life of the party?' That's the way you stand with Rosie, Halloran. We're in a two-story flat now with green velvet curtains and carpets you can sink to your shoetops in, and there's no reason at all why you shouldn't have the same kind of place if you want it. With your gifts, you were never meant to be a poor man."

Ah, but Lacey Mahaffy wouldn't have it, maybe. "Then get yourself another sort of woman, Halloran, you're a good man still, find yourself a woman like Rosie to snuggle down with at night." Yes, but McCorkery, you forget that Lacey Mahaffy had legs and hair and eyes and a complexion fit for a chorus girl. But would she do anything with them? Never. Would you believe there was a woman wouldn't take off all her clothes at once even to bathe herself? What a hateful thing she was with her evil mind thinking everything was a sin, and never giving a man a chance to show himself a man in any way. But she's faded away now, her mean soul shows out all over her, she's ugly as sin itself now, McCorkery. "It's what I told you would happen," said McCorkery, "but now with the job and the money you can go your ways and let Lacey Mahaffy go hers." I'll do it, McCorkery.

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"And forget about Connolly. Just remember I'm my own man and always was. Connolly's finished, but I'm not. Stronger than ever, Halloran, with Connolly out of the way. I saw this coming long ever ago, Halloran, I got clear of it. They don't catch McCorkery with his pants down, Halloran. And I almost forgot . . . Here's something for the running expenses to start. Take this for the present, and there's more to come. . . ."

Mr. Halloran stopped short, a familiar smell floated under his nose; the warm beer-and-beefsteak smell of Billy's Place, sawdust and onions, like any other bar maybe, but with something of its own besides. The talk within him stopped also as if a hand had been laid on his mind. He drew his fist out of his pocket almost expecting to find green money in it. The half dollar was in his palm. "I'll stay while it lasts and hope McCorkery will come in."

The moment he stepped inside his eye lighted on McCorkery standing at the bar pouring his own drink from the bottle before him. Billy was mopping the bar before him idly, and his eye, swimming toward Halloran, looked like an oyster in its own juice. McCorkery saw him too. "Well blow me down," he said, in a voice that had almost lost its old County Mayo ring, "if it ain't my old sidekick from the G. and I. Step right up, Halloran," he said, his poker-face as good as ever, no man ever saw Gerald McCorkery surprised at anything. "Step up and name your choice."

Mr. Halloran glowed suddenly with the warmth around the heart he always had at the sight of McCorkery, he couldn't put a name on it, but there was something about the man. Ah, it was Gerald all right, the same, who never forgot a friend and never seemed to care whether a man was rich or poor, with his face of granite and his eyes like blue agates in his head, a rock of a man surely. There he was, saying "Step right up," as if they had parted only yesterday; portly and solid in his expensive-looking clothes, as always; his hat a darker gray than his suit, with a devil-may-care roll to the brim, but nothing sporting, mind you. All first-rate, well made, and the right thing for him, more power to him. Mr. Halloran said, "Ah, McCorkery, you're the one man on this round earth I hoped to see today, but I says to myself, maybe he doesn't come round to Billy's Place so much nowadays."

"And why not?" asked McCorkery, "I've been coming around to Billy's Place for twenty-five years now, it's still headquarters for the old guard of the McCorkery Club, Halloran." He took in Mr. Halloran from head to foot in a flash of a glance and turned toward the bottle.

"I was going to have a beer," said Mr. Halloran, "but the smell of that whiskey changes my mind for me." McCorkery poured a second glass, they lifted the drinks with an identical crook of the elbow, a flick of the wrist at each other.

"Here's to crime," said McCorkery, and "Here's looking at you," said Mr. Halloran, merrily. Ah, to hell with it, he was back where he belonged, in good company. He put his foot on the rail and snapped down his whiskey, and no sooner was his glass on the bar than McCorkery was filling it again. "Just time for a few quick ones," he said, "before the boys get here." Mr. Halloran downed that one, too, before he noticed that McCorkery hadn't filled his own glass. "I'm ahead of you," said McCorkery, "I'll skip this one."

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There was a short pause, a silence fell around them that seemed to ooze like a fog from somewhere deep in McCorkery, it was suddenly as if he had not really been there at all, or hadn't uttered a word. Then he said outright: "Well, Halloran, let's have it. What's on your mind?" And he poured two more drinks. That was McCorkery all over, reading your thoughts and coming straight to the point.

Mr. Halloran closed his hand round his glass and peered into the little pool of whiskey. "Maybe we could sit down," he said, feeling weak-kneed all at once. McCorkery took the bottle and moved over to the nearest table. He sat facing the door, his look straying there now and then, but he had a set, listening face as if he was ready to hear anything.

"You know what I've had at home all these years," began Mr. Halloran, solemnly, and paused.

"Oh God yes," said McCorkery with simple good-fellowship, "How is herself these days?"

"Worse than ever," said Mr. Halloran, "but that's not it."

"What is it, then, Halloran?" asked McCorkery, pouring drinks. "You know well you can speak out your mind to me. Is it a loan?"

"No," said Mr. Halloran, "It's a job."

"Now that's a different matter," said McCorkery, "What kind of a job?"

Mr. Halloran, his head sunk between his shoulders, saw McCorkery wave a hand and nod at half a dozen men who came in and ranged themselves along the bar. "Some of the boys," said McCorkery, "Go on. " His face was tougher, and quieter, as if the drink gave him a firm hold on himself. Mr. Halloran said what he had planned to say, had said already on the way down, and it still sounded reasonable and right to him. McCorkery waited until he had finished, and got up, putting a hand on Mr. Halloran's shoulder. "Stay where you are, and help yourself," he said, giving the bottle a little push, "and anything else you want, Halloran, order it on me. I'll be back in a few minutes, and you know I'll help you out if I can."

Halloran understood everything but it was through a soft warm fog, and he hardly noticed when McCorkery passed him again with the men, all in that creepy quiet way like footpads on a dark street. They went into the back room, the door opened on a bright light and closed again, and Mr. Halloran reached for the bottle to help himself wait until McCorkery should come again bringing the good word. He felt comfortable and good as if he hadn't a bone or muscle in him, but his elbow slipped off the table once or twice and he upset his drink on his sleeve. Ah, God, McCorkery, is it the whole family you're taking on with the jobs? For my Maggie's husband is in now with the Little Tammany Association. "There's a bright lad will go far and I've got my eye on him, Halloran," said the friendly voice of McCorkery in his mind, and the brown face, softer than he remembered it, came up clearly behind his closed eyes.

"Ah, well, it's like myself beginning all over again in him," said Mr. Halloran, aloud, "besides my own job that I might have had all this time if I'd just come to see you sooner."

"True for you," said McCorkery in a merry County Mayo voice, inside Mr. Halloran's head, "and now let's drink to the gay future for old times' sake and be damned to Lacey

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Mahaffy." Mr. Halloran reached for the bottle but it skipped sideways, rolled out of reach like a creature, and exploded at his feet. When he stood up the chair fell backward from under him. He leaned on the table and it folded up under his hands like cardboard.

"Wait now, take it easy," said McCorkery, and there he was, real enough, holding Mr. Halloran braced on the one side, motioning with his hand to the boys in the back room, who came out quietly and took hold of Mr. Halloran, some of them, on the other side. Their faces were all Irish, but not an Irishman Mr. Halloran knew in the lot, and he did not like any face he saw. "Let me be," he said with dignity, "I came here to see Gerald J. McCorkery, a friend of mine from old times, and let not a thug among you lay a finger upon me."

"Come on, Big Shot," said one of the younger men, in a voice like a file grating, "come on now, it's time to go."

"That's a fine low lot you've picked to run with, McCorkery," said Mr. Halloran, bracing his heels against the slow weight they put upon him toward the door, "I wouldn't trust one of them far as I could throw him by the tail."

"All right, all right, Halloran," said McCorkery. "Come on with me. Lay off him, Finnegan." He was leaning over Mr. Halloran and pressing something into his right hand. It was money, a neat little roll of it, good smooth thick money, no other feel like it in the world, you couldn't mistake it. Ah, he'd have an argument to show Lacey Mahaffy would knock her off her feet. Honest money with a job to back it up. "You'll stand by your given word, McCorkery, as ever?" he asked, peering into the rock-colored face above him, his feet weaving a dance under him, his heart ready to break with gratitude.

"Ah, sure, sure," said McCorkery in a loud hearty voice with a kind of curse in it, "Crisakes, get on with him, do." Mr. Halloran found himself eased into a taxicab at the curb, with McCorkery speaking to the driver and giving him money. "So long, Big Shot," said one of the thug faces, and the taxicab door thumped to. Mr. Halloran bobbed about on the seat for a while, trying to think. He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Take me to my friend Gerald J. McCorkery's house," he said, "I've got important business. Don't pay any attention to what he said. Take me to his house."

"Yeah?" said the driver, without turning his head, "Well, here's where you get out, see? Right here." He reached back and opened the door. And sure enough, Mr. Halloran was standing on the sidewalk in front of the flat in Perry Street, alone except for the rows of garbage cans, the taxicab hooting its way around the corner, and a cop coming toward him, plainly to be seen under the street light.

"You should cast your vote for McCorkery, the poor man's friend," Mr. Halloran told the cop, "McCorkery's the man who will get us all off the spot. Stands by his old friends like a maniac. Got a wife named Rosie. Vote for McCorkery," said Mr. Halloran, working hard at his job, "and you'll be Chief of the Force when Halloran says the word."

"To hell with McCorkery, that stooge," said the cop, his mouth square and sour with the things he said and the things he saw and did every night on that beat. "There you are drunk again, Halloran, shame to you, with Lacey

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Mahaffy working her heart out over the washboard to buy your beer."

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"I knew her from old when I used to run errands for St. Veronica's Altar Society," said the cop, "and she was a great one, even then. Nothing good enough."

"It's the same now," said Mr. Halloran, almost sober for a moment.

"Well, go on up now and stay up till you're fit to be seen," said the cop, censoriously.

"You're Johnny Maginnis," said Mr. Halloran, "I know you now."

"You should know me by now," said the cop.

Mr. Halloran worked his way upstairs partly on his hands and knees, but once at his own door he stood up, gave a great blow on the panel with his fist, turned the knob and surged in like a wave after the door itself, holding out the money toward Mrs. Halloran, who had finished ironing and was at her mending.

She got up very slowly, her bony hand over her mouth, her eyes starting out at what she saw. "Ah, did you steal it?" she asked. "Did you kill somebody for that?" the words grated up from her throat in a dark whisper. Mr. Halloran glared back at her in fear.

"Suffering Saints, Lacey Mahaffy," he shouted until the whole houseful could hear him, "haven't ye any mind at all that you can't see your husband has had a turn of fortune and a job and times are changed from tonight? Stealing, is it? That's for your great friends the Connollys with their religion. Connolly steals, but Halloran is an honest man with a job in the McCorkery Club, and money in pocket."

"McCorkery, is it?" said Mrs. Halloran, loudly too. "Ah, so there's the whole family, young and old, wicked and innocent, taking their bread from McCorkery, at last. Well, it's no bread of mine, I'll earn my own as I have, you can keep your dirty money to yourself, Halloran, mind you I mean it."

"Great God, woman," moaned Mr. Halloran, and he tottered from the door to the table, to the ironing board, and stood there, ready to weep with rage, "Haven't you a soul even that you won't come along with your husband when he's riding to riches and glory on the Tiger's back itself, with everything for the taking and no questions asked?"

"Yes, I have a soul," cried Mrs. Halloran, clenching her fists, her hair flying, "Surely I have a soul and I'll save it yet in spite of you. . . ."

She was standing there before him in a kind of faded gingham winding sheet, with her dead hands upraised, her dead eyes blind but fixed upon him, her voice coming up hollow from the deep tomb, her throat thick with grave damp. The ghost of Lacey Mahaffy was threatening him, it came nearer, growing taller as it came, the face changing to a demon's face with a fixed glassy grin. "It's all that drink on an empty stomach," said the ghost, in a hoarse growl. Mr. Halloran fetched a yell of horror right out of his very boots, and seized the flatiron from the board. "Ah, God damn you, Lacey Mahaffy, you devil, keep away, keep away," he howled, but she advanced on air, grinning and

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growling. He raised the flatiron and hurled it without aiming, and the specter, whoever it was, whatever it was, sank and was gone. He did not look, but broke out of the room and was back on the sidewalk before he knew he had meant to go there. Maginnis came up at once. "Hey there now, Halloran," he said, "I mean business this time. You get back upstairs or I'll run you in. Come along now, I'll help you get there this time, and that's the last of it. On relief the way you are, and drinking your head off."

Mr. Halloran suddenly felt calm, collected; he would take Maginnis up and show him just what had happened. "I'm not on relief any more, and if you want any trouble, just call on my friend, McCorkery. He'll tell you who I am."

"McCorkery can't tell me anything about you I don't know already," said Maginnis. "Stand up there now." For Halloran wanted to go up again on his hands and knees.

"Let a man be," said Mr. Halloran, trying to sit on the cop's feet. "I killed Lacey Mahaffy at last, you'll be pleased to hear," he said, looking up into the cop's face, "It was high time and past. But I did not steal the money."

"Well, ain't that just too bad," said the cop, hauling him up under the arms. "Chees, why'n't you make a good job while you had the chance? Stand up now. Ah, hell with it, stand up or I'll sock you one."

Mr. Halloran said, "Well, you don't believe it so wait and see."

At that moment they both glanced upward and saw Mrs. Halloran coming downstairs. She was holding to the rail, and even in the speckled hall-light they could see a great lumpy clout of flesh standing out on her forehead, all colors. She stopped, and seemed not at all surprised.

"So there you are, Officer Maginnis," she said, "Bring him up."

"That's a fine welt you've got over your eye this time, Mrs. Halloran," commented Officer Maginnis, politely.

"I fell and hit my head on the ironing board," said Mrs. Halloran. "It comes of overwork and worry, day and night. A dead faint, Officer Maginnis. Watch your big feet there, you thriving, natural fool," she added to Mr. Halloran. "He's got a job now, you mightn't believe it, Officer Maginnis, but it's true. Bring him on up, and thank you."

She went ahead of them, opened the door, and led the way to the bedroom through the kitchen, turned back the covers, and Officer Maginnis dumped Mr. Halloran among the quilts and pillows. Mr. Halloran rolled over with a deep groan and shut his eyes.

"Many thanks to you, Officer Maginnis," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Halloran," said Officer Maginnis.

When the door was shut and locked, Mrs. Halloran went and dipped a large bath towel under the kitchen tap. She wrung it out and tied several good hard knots in one end and tried it out with a whack on the edge of the table. She walked in and stood over the bed and brought the knotted towel down in Mr. Halloran's face with all her might. He stirred and muttered, ill at ease. "That's for the flatiron Halloran," she told him, in a cautious voice as if she were talking to herself, and whack, down came the towel again. "That's for the half-dollar," she said, and whack, "that's for your drunkenness—" her arm swung around regularly,

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ending with a heavy thud on the face that was beginning to squirm, gasp, lift itself from the pillow and fall back again, in a puzzled kind of torment. "For your sock feet," Mrs. Halloran told him, whack, "and your laziness, and this is for missing Mass and"—here she swung half a dozen times—"that is for your daughter and your part in her. . . ."

She stood back breathless, the lump on her forehead burning in its furious colors. When Mr. Halloran attempted to rise, shielding his head with his arms, she gave him a push and he fell back again. "Stay there and don't give me a word," said Mrs. Halloran. He pulled the pillow over his face and subsided again, this time for good.

Mrs. Halloran moved about very deliberately. She tied the wet towel around her head, the knotted end hanging over her shoulder. Her hand ran into her apron pocket and came out again with the money. There was a five-dollar bill with three one-dollar bills rolled in it, and the half-dollar she had thought spent long since. "A poor start, but something," she said, and opened the cupboard door with a long key. Reaching in, she pulled a loosely fitted board out of the wall, and removed a black-painted metal box. She unlocked this, took out one five-cent piece from a welter of notes and coins. She then placed the new money in the box, locked it, put it away, replaced the board, shut the cupboard door and locked that. She went out to the telephone, dropped the nickel in the slot, asked for a number, and waited.

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